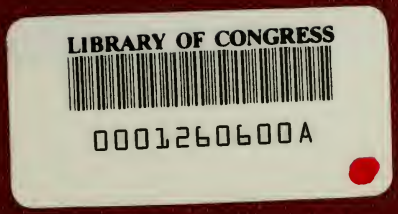
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Frontispiece. DRAGGING DOWN MUD POND STREAM.

Six Miles of hard work. See page 95

CAMP FIRES IN THE WILDERNESS

Valuable Information

FOR CAMPERS AND SPORTSMEN, WITH AN ACCOUNT OF TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES IN THE WILDS OF MAINE, NEW BRUNSWICK AND CANADA

BY

E. W. BURT

NATIONAL SPORTSMAN PRESS
BOSTON, MASS.

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THE CONTENTS.

Chapter.

I. What to Take.

II. Bedding.

III. Camp Equipage, Tents etc.

IV. Medicine.

V. Fishing Tackle.

VI. Cooking Utensils.

VII. Food.

VIII. Advice About Camp Locations.

IX. Camp Receipts.

X. Other List of Supplies.

XI. Headwaters of the Androscoggin River.

XII. Three Weeks in a Maine Log Cabin.

XIII. How We Saw the Megantic Preserve.

XIV. A 300-Mile Canoe Trip Through Maine and New Brunswick.

XV. Explorations on the Great Lakes.

XVI. It Is Worth While.

XVII. Some of the Wild Animals of Maine.

XVIII. How to Build a Log Cabin.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Dragging Down Mud Pond Stream.....Frontispiece

Following Page.

Camp Wild Wood..... 8
Washing Dishes 16
Our Dining Table 16
Camp Ash Tree, Kennebago River 24
Camp Wild Bank, Kennebago River 24
Fishing in Kennebago River 32
Crawford Notch 40
Arnold Pond Camps 48-56
Big North West Pond Camp 66
Beaver House, Ed Grant's Camp 66
Scenery Megantic Preserve 74
Views on the Megantic Preserve 82
Lunch on the Umbazookskus Stream 88
Camp on the Penobscot River 96
Allagash River 104
Churchill Lake Camp 112
Falls on the Allagash River 118
A Milk White Deer 126
St. Johns River 126
Camp at Point aux Baril 132
Paddling on Lake Huron 138
Fishing on the Georgian Bay 138
A Trout from Lake Huron 144
Islands of the Georgian Bay 150
At Our Mining Camp 156
Camp at Serpent Island 160

DEDICATORY.

EVERY man, however great or small, has one supreme ambition in his life, and towards that golden gateway to the goal of his ambition are his earnest thoughts and energies directed. One man may seek for wealth, while others strive for glory, but there are some who, best of all, live not for "self," but for the good of others. To one who never did an unkind act, who loves the woods and all the joys that Nature gives, I dedicate this book.

E. W. BURT.

PREFACE.

EVERY year, when the summer time draws near, one's thoughts turn to the woods, to the lakes and streams, as the ideal place in which to take a summer's vacation, and to those who wish for information on how to dress for hunting, fishing or camping trips, what to provide for cooking utensils, provisions, bedding, fishing tackle or any other topic in connection with camping out, this book is dedicated, with the hope that someone who may read its pages will be persuaded to make a camping trip and find out, as I have done, that there is no recreation more profitable to one's life, health and happiness than living in the woods and roughing it.

CAMP FIRES IN THE WILDERNESS

CAMP FIRES IN THE WILDERNESS.

WHAT TO TAKE

FOR CAMPING.

CHAPTER I.

EVERYONE who has camped out has a different list of supplies that he takes into the woods with him, depending entirely upon the nature of the trip, whether by canoe, horseback or on foot, and the season of the year, but a general list can be made out and then cut down to the actual amount that one would need on a short camping trip to Maine or New Brunswick during the summer or early fall months. It is the general mistake of everyone, even old campers, to take too much luggage into the woods. On some trips I have taken various things with me that were never used, but I believe in being comfortable, and it is better to throw something away than to

come into the woods and find you have forgotten to bring your knife or a drinking cup.

Clothing.

The amount of clothing one will need on a camping trip is not large, and the less you can get along with the better. From the last of June to the first of September the nights in Maine are not very cold, but they are often rainy and damp. Then it is necessary to dress warm and keep yourself dry. The days in summer are usually warm, in fact they are often very hot. During the summer of 1901 the writer has seen the temperature as high as 98 degrees in July at Moosehead Lake; then you will be glad you have thin clothing with you, for it would be almost impossible to paddle or tramp in the woods with thick clothing. The following list will be found sufficient for all purposes on a two or three weeks' trip: Two suits of medium weight underwear, one suit of heavy underwear, two flannel shirts, five pairs of socks. A pair of knickerbockers, with heavy golf stockings, will be found the best for tramping. In rainy weather, a khaki suit, trousers, jacket and vest, is the best, for this will shed water and the under-

brush will not tear it. Such a suit can be obtained at a very reasonable price from dealers who sell supplies to the army and navy. Above all, don't forget two sweaters, one heavy weight and the other light weight. They are absolutely indispensable in the coldest weather, and at night one can keep warm in a sweater. A light weight rowing jersey, with short sleeves, will be found very useful if you are taking a canoeing trip. Many sportsmen discard vests, but I always take a canvas vest with me into the woods, having a large number of pockets for matches, watch, money, compass or any other small articles. Rubber coats can be taken, but they are not so good as a waterproof khaki suit. Overcoats are not necessary. One should always wear a belt in the woods; it is most convenient in every way, a hunting knife can be easily attached, and also a supply of cartridges can be carried in a convenient position on the side. If you wear suspenders, they will be continually catching in branches of trees when tramping.

The best headgear to wear in any season of the year is a soft felt hat with a medium width brim. This will stand all kinds of weather and can be rolled up and put into a bag. A pair of leggings with buckles should be taken, as they will prevent bushes

and underbrush from tearing the stockings; they will also shed water.

Footwear.

There is a great diversity of opinion as to what shoes to wear in the woods. I believe one should carry three styles of shoes on a camping trip. For walking in the woods a pair of heavy oil grain (this leather is waterproof), black or russet, 10-inch boots are the best. The tongue should be bellows, and laced to the top with eyelets, no hooks; the sole must be very heavy, with waterproof, rawhide slip sole; the heel broad and low. For dry weather, any season of the year, in the woods, on the plains or around camp, the most comfortable and serviceable of all footwear is the buckskin moccasin. It is the most common sense shoe made for man, and for canoeing it cannot be excelled. In walking through the forest you can tread more quietly than with any boot or shoe. If the rocks hurt the bottom of your feet, put a pair of sole-leather insoles inside. For wading streams some people like rubber boots, but I think them much too heavy and warm, and I always wear a pair of white canvas, rubber-sole sneakers (high cut), with a pair of stockings, wearing, of course, a

pair of golf trousers. One might be afraid of catching cold from wading in the water, but I have waded streams in Maine and Canada all day during summer months and have never once caught cold so long as I put on dry stockings when camp is reached. Low cut shoes are absolutely useless for camping out. Snowshoes are necessary for winter hunting. Those made by weaving rawhide thongs on a wooden bow are best. Having made out the foregoing list, it will be necessary to have something in which to carry part of it, and the simplest and most serviceable article is an ordinary seamless grain bag, made of heavy duck. This can be lined inside with waterproof, yellow oil-cloth, such as sailors' oil suits are made of. In this bag you can stow away everything, and there is always room for more. It is easy to carry, and can be knocked around without danger of injuring it. A small toilet case can be easily made of white duck; two strips, 24 inches long and about 8 inches wide, stitched together and divided off into sections, by stitching on an ordinary machine. This can hold soap, comb, brush, tooth-brush, needles, thread and any other small articles that would get lost anywhere else.

CHAPTER II.

Bedding.

TOO much care cannot be given to the subject of bedding. Next to a good suit of clothing it is the important part of a camp outfit. After a hard day's tramp or rowing, whatever it may be, there is nothing so absolutely necessary to prepare one for the next day's work as a good, warm, dry bed. Any man can endure a few nights of cold, comfortless sleep, but it will surely tell on him later, while, if he sleeps soundly, he may endure any amount of labor and hardship. You can tramp all day with your feet wet, all your clothing wet, without injury to yourself, but be sure you turn in on a good, soft, dry bed at night. Blankets are the staple article of camp bedding, and you should never go into camp with less than two pairs of heavy, double blankets. The best camp bed is a sleeping-bag, which is usually made of heavy, brown, waterproof canvas, six feet long, three wide. In the centre, above the head of the bag, flaps

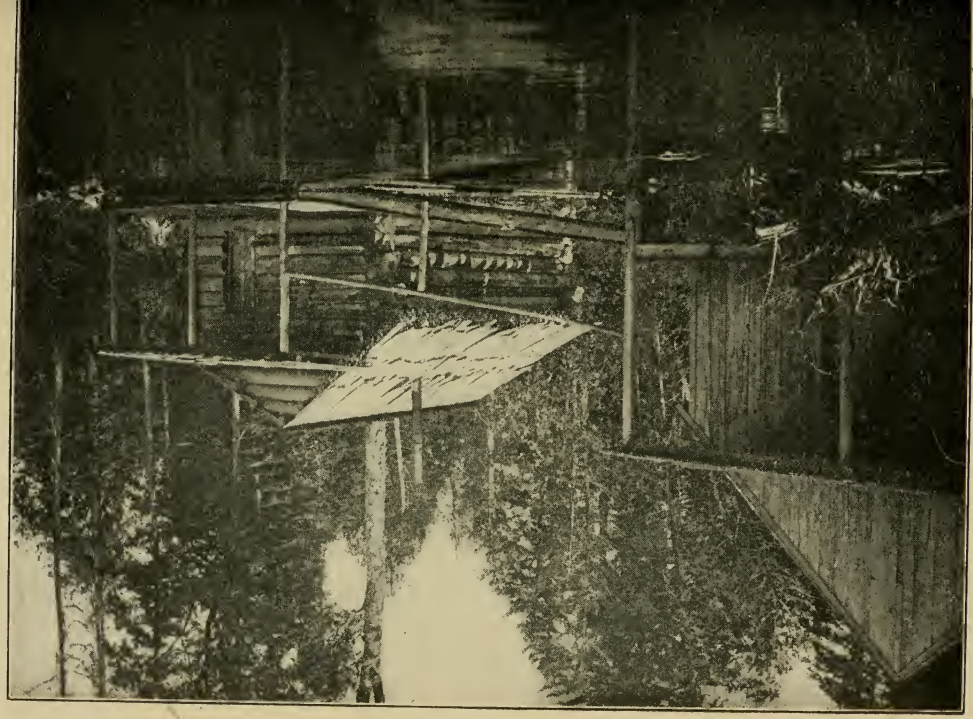
project a foot, with which the head may be covered if desired. The bag is lined inside with wool, and one or more pairs of blankets may be folded and inserted inside. Besides being waterproof, the bag is windproof, and one can crawl in and sleep as soundly as at home, with no fear of kicking off the bed clothes. If the bag is not used, blankets will be found sufficient protection during the summer season. A pair of heavy pajamas should be worn, with a pair of stockings to protect the feet. Never sleep in your clothes. A small, soft pillow may be taken along, as it takes up little room and is often the means of a good night's rest. The best bed can always be made from hemlock, fir or cedar boughs; lay them about two feet deep, after removing all large limbs. Such a bed gives with every movement of the body, and dampness cannot penetrate through. A rubber blanket spread on the ground will be an extra protection if you are camping near a river. Don't sleep with the head covered, no matter what kind of a bed you have.

CHAPTER III.

Camp Equipage, Tents, Etc.

THE first thing to be considered in camping out is a tent. The size and style depends upon the number who will use it, and the kind of transportation you will have. For a party of four, a wall tent, 8x10 or 8x12, will be about the right size, and poles can be cut at the various camping places, and discarded after taking the tent down. Guides usually furnish tents, but if one prefers to buy one, they can be purchased from $15 up. When packed in a bag these small tents take up very little room and don't weigh over 30 pounds.

A photograph camera is quite essential to the pleasure of an outing. It is a luxury more than a necessity, yet I would rather leave other articles behind than not take a camera. A tripod comera, with glass plates 5x7, is about right, but I find that plates weigh so much, and break so easily, that you will be able to save only about half of your exposures. Then



the extra number of plate-holders, with the bother of changing plates, makes the film camera more desirable. Don't try to develop plates in camp, you will be sure to spoil them; wait until you get home. One hundred exposures is an ample number for a three weeks' trip. A very useful item is a pack strap, or knapsack. This will be found very handy for carrying blankets or provisions when making excursions from camp.

Everyone should carry a rubber drinking cup; they can be bought at rubber stores. Such a cup will fold up and can be carried in the pocket. A good compass should not be forgotten, and never leave camp without it. An inexpensive watch can be carried in the hunting vest. An Ingersoll $1.00 watch is good enough for camping, and will be found very reliable. If you can secure a map of the country you are to visit, do so, as it will be a great help in locating ponds and streams, and you can plan out each day's trip ahead. Two or more heavy towels should be taken, for a rub-down after a swim. For games, a pack of cards and a cribbage board will pass away many hours when staying in camp during rainy weather. A large, straight, bone-handle knife is quite essential in camp, and can be used for cleaning

fish, skinning animals, cutting bushes, etc. This should be carried in a leather case attached to your belt.

CHAPTER IV.

Medicine.

IT is not necessary to carry much medicine into the woods, for one is very seldom ill when camping out, but in cases of emergency you might need a few things. The writer was struck by an axe on one camping trip, and if it hadn't been for some thread, a needle and surgeon plaster brought along it might have ended seriously. I always take into the woods with me:

1 Roll surgeon plaster.
1 Roll bandages.
Surgeon's needle and thread.
1 Box laxative pills.
1 Box quinine pills.
1 Pint brandy.
1 Roll cotton batting.
1 Oz. cocaine, 4 per cent.
1 Bottle liniment.

These will be found sufficient for ordinary purposes.

CHAPTER V.

Fishing Tackle.

THE subject of what fishing tackle to take is not an easy one to decide, but I have found that it is not necessary to have an elaborate and expensive outfit if you are going where there are any fish, for I have caught trout as large as three pounds with an ordinary hand line over the side of a boat, but there is a great deal more pleasure in landing a large trout on a slender fly rod with a fly hook, so I should advise you by all means to secure a good, strong, split bamboo or lance wood fly rod about 10 feet long, have a good, reliable reel with about 50 yards of waterproof silk line. Take three or four gut leaders about two yards in length, with plenty of shot sinkers. For trout the following flies are always good in spring and summer: Brown Hackle, Grey Hackle, Montreal, Parmacheene Belle, Scarlet Ibis, Silver Doctor and White Miller. There are a great many more that one can use, but the above

will usually catch the fish where others fail. A small hook is always preferable, size 2 or 3 being the best. Some ordinary gut hooks should be taken for deep fishing or trolling. The favorite salmon flies are Fairy, Silver Grey, Silver Doctor, Dusty Miller, etc. All fly hooks should be kept in a book made for that purpose. Trolling spoons can be used, especially for bass, but in some localities the law prevents their use.

CHAPTER VI.

Cooking Utensils.

IF you are going to hire a guide he will supply all the kitchen utensils, but when you expect to do your own cooking the following list of dishes will be found sufficient to prepare all the meals for three men on a month's trip:

Two fry pans. These can be fitted with two rings under the handle, in which a stick can be inserted to reach over a hot fire.

Two granite iron saucepans. Never take a tin saucepan, as the fire will melt the solder.

Two granite iron coffee pots, one for making coffee, the other for tea.

Three large tin spoons, 6 teaspoons, 4 knives and forks, 1 wire broiler, 6 tin cups, 6 tin plates, 1 buckwheat spade, salt and pepper holder, 1 small lantern to use around camp, 6 candles, 1 kerosene oil can, 1 cook oven called "Dutch oven." This is the only thing you can make bread with by an open fire.

They are made of zinc, V shaped, about 18 inches long, with a shelf containing a shallow pan. These ovens are faced towards the fire and the heat from hot ashes will soon make very good bread. (See photo on front cover.)

Two tin pails are very useful around camp for carrying drinking water. It is much better to broil meat and fish instead of frying, as greasy cooking is unhealthy and soon becomes distasteful, while a nicely broiled steak with a little butter is always acceptable.

CHAPTER VII.

Food.

THE provision supply is the hardest problem of all to solve, but after many camping trips I have been able to make a list of supplies that would be consumed by two men and one guide on a two weeks' trip, and one can add to the list as he chooses. Of course the amount to be taken depends upon the means of transportation, and whether the supply can be replenished en route, or by hunting and fishing.

As a rule only plain, substantial food should be taken. That is the kind you will need.

Delicacies should be left at home. Pie and cake are no good to climb hills on. Bread, meat, vegetables and fruit are what you should select and always buy the best quality, as the best is none too good for a camper. Fruits are evaporated in such excellent style that it is not necessary to buy them canned and fill up space with tin and water. Most

Washing Dishes at Camp Wild Wood. Page 49.

Our Dining Table. Page 47.

excellent of all will be found the famous Boston canned beans. All provisions should be carried in strong canvas bags, tied at the top with a string. Never risk carrying them in paper bags.

List for three men on a two weeks' trip:

15 pounds hard bread.
15 pounds bacon in bag.
3 pounds dried apples.
2 pounds dried prunes.
2 pounds salt in bag.
5 pounds sugar in bag.
5 pounds coffee in tight can.
1-2 pounds tea in can.
5 cans condensed cream.
6 cans Boston baked beans.
3 cans chicken.
5 pounds butter.
5 pounds lard.
5 pounds white flour.
10 pounds Indian meal.
2 packages buckwheat flour.
2 packages oatmeal.
1-2 bushel potatoes.
10 pounds onions.
1 pound baking powder.

1-4 pound pepper.
1 quart vinegar.
2 gallons maple syrup.
1 jar pickles.
2 dozen eggs.

The cost of the above will amount to about $15. Some of these supplies should be purchased where you start into the woods, eggs, butter, lard, etc., while the rest can be taken up with you in an old trunk or box.

CHAPTER VIII.

Advice About Camp Location.

TO be able to select a good location for a camp is an accomplishment that few persons have. There are many guides who are lacking in this respect, but some can select the right spot at once. It seems to be an instinct, and one can never acquire this faculty by reading books, but there are a few general directions that will help one who is seeking knowledge of the woods.

Weather permitting always pitch your camp on high ground. Everyone at first selects a place near the water, but this is wrong, as the ground is liable to be damp and wet and the mosquitoes are always much worse near the water. Pitch your tent on top of a high ridge near some sheltering trees or on a hill. Do not pass a good camping ground in the afternoon unless you are sure of reaching one before night. It is better to stop at 3 o'clock near good water and wood than to run the risk of finding it in

the dark. In travelling through the woods in summer time, if you are to camp without a tent, make your bed near the trunk of a large tree. Its branches will shield you from dew or frost and from exposure to the wind. It requires considerable skill to build a good fire. Proceed in this manner: Lay down two green poles, five or six inches thick, two feet long and two or three feet apart, make notches in these about one foot apart. Then cut two poles about the same size and lay them in the notches. Procure a good supply of dry wood and brush and start the fire on the ground between the upper poles. The air will circulate under and through the fire, and top poles will be found just the right distance apart to set your camp kettle, frying pan and coffee pot. Over the fireplace you can erect a crane as follows: Cut two green sticks with crotches at the top. Across which lay a green pole about two inches thick. Now cut a hooked limb and hang it on the cross pole, at the other end of which you can drive a nail for hanging pails over the fire.

CHAPTER IX.

Camp Receipts.

IN preparing the various dishes that the sportsman loves a practical knowledge of cookery is essential. To those who have never cooked they will find that experience is the best teacher, and one should begin at the bottom, taking only the simplest and most common every-day dishes that are made with the help of milk, butter, eggs, etc.

Coffee

Have the coffee ground moderately fine and use one tablespoonful to each pint of water. If wanted stronger add more coffee. If you wish about two quarts of coffee use nearly three quarts of water to allow for boiling. First boil the water, then put in the coffee and allow to simmer near the fire and boil for twenty minutes on hot ashes. Clear by dropping in the white of an egg if you have it, if not cold water poured in will have the same result.

Tea.

Allow one teaspoonful for each person, place in the pot and pour in boiling water. Settle with a little cold water.

Biscuits.

Take two pints of flour, add a teaspoonful of salt, one of baking powder and a small lump of lard, mix well with your fingers. Pour in gradually enough cold water to make a stiff dough, then make into the usual sized biscuits, bake in camp oven described in Chapter VI.

Trout and Other Fish.

Trout can be cooked in a great variety of ways; the one I like best is broiled. After the fish are dressed and the head removed, if large size, separate in two parts, cut three slashes in the sides, then roll in Indian meal and salt, place in a broiler and cook over hot coals, spreading a little butter over them with a knife.

Trout can be fried in pork or bacon fat after first rolling them in Indian meal over a hot fire. To bake fish in clay mix water and clay with your fingers into a stiff mud to the consistency of putty.

Roll it out with a bottle to a half inch in thickness after first dressing the fish. Cover it completely with the clay, of course seasoning it with salt and pepper. Dig a hole in the ground at the edge of the fireplace, place it in and cover with hot ashes first, and on the top place hot coals, cook nearly two hours, according to the size. When removed the clay will be cooked hard. Break this and the skin and scales will come off with the clay. Fowls can be cooked this way. Leave the feathers on, as the clay will pull these off.

Trout stew can be prepared by boiling pieces of the fish in water with potatoes and bits of onions, flavored with pepper and salt.

Poached Eggs.

Toast two pieces of bread to a light brown, then butter. Poach your eggs in boiling milk enough to float them. When cooked sufficiently place one egg on each piece of toast, pouring enough milk over the whole to moisten the toast.

Eggs may be scrambled in a fry pan by adding sufficient condensed cream thinned with water. Dropped and boiled eggs are always desirable in camp. If you boil the eggs very hard they may be

kept till the following meal or carried on tramping excursions for lunch.

Saratoga Chips.

Have a spider partly full of hot lard. It is better to have the potatoes boiled soft first, but not mealy. Cut the potatoes in thin slices and drop into the boiling lard. Serve with salt and pepper.

Stewed Potatoes.

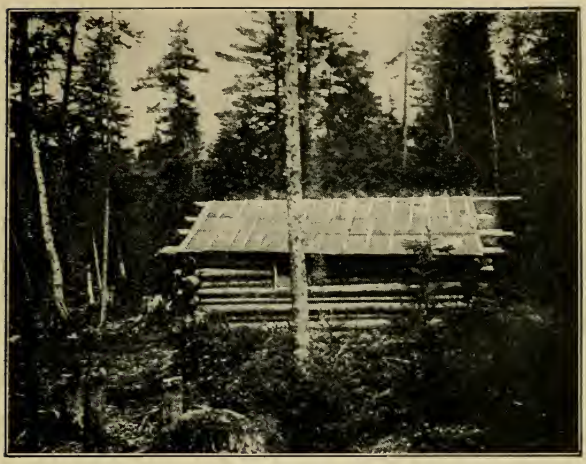
Cut the potatoes into thin slices, add a few slices of bacon and stew in a frying pan with enough water to cover them. Pour in a half pint of milk while stewing. When the milk thickens, salt and pepper to taste. A raw onion cut up in the pan adds flavor.

Baked potatoes are delicious. They should be cooked in hot ashes.

Potato soup can be made by boiling small pieces in water and milk, adding broken bits of hard crackers. Season with scraps of onions, with pepper and salt.

Onions.

Onions can be eaten raw or fried in enough lard or bacon fat to keep from burning.



Camp Ash Tree, Kennebago River. Page 56.
(Now gone to Decay.)

Camp Wild Bank, Kennebago River. (Page 56.)

Rice.

Rice swells very much in boiling and a teacupful will make a very large dish when cooked. Place a cupful in a large camp kettle and cover with about two inches of water, boil slowly until soft, then gradually let the water boil away until the grains are swollen and dry. Eat with sugar and milk. Cold rice can be fried like mush for breakfast. Mix a little flour with it to prevent crumbling.

Oatmeal.

Prepared oatmeal should be boiled in water about twenty minutes until soft. Be careful to stir while boiling to prevent burning. Add salt while boiling. Eat with sugar and milk or with syrup.

Deer Stew.

This is the great dish for all sportsmen, and is a favorite with all the guides in the state of Maine. Hang your camp kettle over the fire and fill about half full with water. Take some small, lean pieces of deer or moose steak, and after cutting off all the fat drop them in the water, boil for about two hours until the meat will nearly drop to pieces, then add potatoes, onions, carrots and small pieces of

crackers, let simmer until the vegetables are soft. While boiling you must skim off the fat that rises to the top, season the stew with salt and pepper. If not thick enough mix enough flour and water and add to the stew, boiling a few minutes longer. Leave some of the stew for the following day, then thicken as above and boil again.

Craw Fish for Lobsters.

The waters of Lobster Lake, Moosehead, Maine, abound in small craw fish, and they can be cooked as follows: Tear off the extreme end of the tail, which will carry with it the little black string or entrail, boil whole with some salt thrown in. They will turn to a reddish color when done. Peel and eat as you would a lobster. Have in a saucer a little vinegar, salt and pepper and dip in this before eating.

Fried Mush.

One of the most palatable dishes is made by boiling mush in the evening and setting away to cool and harden over night. For breakfast slice about half an inch thick and fry in hot lard until brown on both sides. Eat hot with maple syrup or molasses.

Buckwheat Cakes.

These can be easily made from prepared self-raising flour, "Hecker's" being one of the best known brands. Follow directions on the package and you will have no difficulty in preparing one of the most desirable of all dishes for camp.

CHAPTER X.

Other List of Supplies.

BLACK FLY cream can be made by mixing two parts of oil tar and one part olive oil. This solution will not evaporate quickly and is a sure remedy against black flies and mosquitoes.

Take a little machine oil for your rifle or shotgun. This can be rubbed over the barrel at night to prevent rusting.

If you are a smoker don't fail to take your pipe and plenty of tobacco. There is great pleasure in a pipe before an open fire after supper.

Whiskey should be left at home. You will not need it in camp.

A screwdriver comes in handy at times for repairing rifles. A pocket knife should also be taken and a pair of scissors.

Take plenty of toilet soap and a small brush for scrubbing your hands. A bathing sponge will be found very useful.

Razor, small looking-glass for shaving, tooth-brush, powder, hair brush and comb should also be taken along.

CAMPING TRIPS.

CHAPTER XI.

The Headwaters of the Androscoggin River.

SITUATED on the top of a small mountain in Maine, seventeen hundred feet above the level of the sea, is a small pond known as Mountain Pond.

Alone, surrounded for tractless miles by dense forests of hemlock and spruce trees, this pond has been for ages the home of the speckled trout and the land locked salmon. Seldom has the sound of an axe, or the report of a gun, broken its death-like silence, and save for the occasional cry of a loon, the hoot of an owl, or the snapping of a twig, caused by some animal coming to drink, has its solitude been broken. Thick spruce trees grow to the edge of the water, parts of which are in darkness, while others, more open, sparkle with a dazzling brightness under the rays of the sun. Fed only by un-

known springs the water of this pond never reaches the temperature of 50 degrees, and fly fishing from the time the ice goes out until winter again is of the highest quality. At the northwestern corner of this secluded pond a tiny brook flows out and quickly disappears into the darkness of the forest, to finally empty itself into a larger pond called "Beaver," which in turn empties into Long Pond at the foot of the mountain. From there one can go by canoe until finally the Androscoggin River is reached, and thence to the sea.

My friend George and I, anxious for adventures wilder than can be found at summer hotels, decided to take a camping trip, and chose for our location Mountain Pond or the head waters of the Androscoggin River. Probably every sportsman in New England knows that there are two ways to reach Rangeley. One by rail to Bemis on Mooselookmeguntic Lake and then by boat with a carry of two miles between the two lakes. The other all rail direct to Rangeley. But at the time our adventures happened there was only one way to reach Rangeley, and that was by train to Phillips, and from there take the stage the rest of the way, a distance of about twenty miles through a beautiful and pic-

turesque country. It is hardly necessary to mention all the camping articles we took with us, as everyone has a list of his own, but whatever you take into the woods don't forget some waterproof matches. You may find yourself in a tight place sometime and then what wouldn't you give for a match that would light?

We prepared ourselves for a rough trip, leaving behind everything that was not absolutely necessary. Some heavy tramping boots are indispensable, high enough to keep out sticks that invariably find a way in when climbing over fallen trees. Rubber boots are not necessary; many nights we slept in wet clothes, but one never catches cold in Maine. A heavy sweater is valuable for use in all kinds of weather.

The subject of what food to take is hard to decide. We drew up a list of what we thought would be enough, then cut it in halves and trusted to luck to furnish the other half. Our cooking utensils, axes, guns, etc., we sent with the rest of our baggage, and everything being arranged we found ourselves one July morning rapidly approaching Farmington; there we changed cars for the narrow gauge road, and it was very interesting to ride on a train the

Trout Fishing In The Kennebago River. Page 56.

width of an electric car, through dense forests, winding around the side of some high mountain, or plunging into the depths of deep ravines. One bridge was particularly high and we could feel the trestle sway with the motion of the train as it moved slowly over the slender wood framework. Looking down into the depths below a small brook could be seen, but it soon lost itself in the surrounding forest. Wood was burned in the engine for fuel, and it was difficult work moving the train up steep grades, but at last we reached Phillips.

"No stage to Rangeley till the next day."

That was our luck, but it couldn't be helped, so we set out to enjoy ourselves for the rest of the afternoon. "Excitement" in Phillips is not found in their dictionary, but we managed to have a pleasant time visiting the falls of the Sandy River. There the river has eaten its way through fifty or sixty feet of solid rock, leaving large plateaus, one on top of the other, like huge steps extending from the roadway to the very edge of the water.

A few photos of this bit of nature we added to our collection and feeling slightly (?) hungry we returned to the hotel again. It must be very dull

living in such a town as Phillips—nothing to break the continued monotony.

Once in awhile some bronze farmer drives by the hotel, in a wagon falling to pieces, the horse in the same condition. You can hear him hollering "Gee up there" long before he arrives in sight. All the loafers, standing in front of the only grocery store, stare and grin until he finally disappears in a cloud of dust ten feet thick.

We were up at 7 o'clock the next morning and by 8.30 ready to start. The stage was simply a three-seated wagon drawn by four horses. For some miles the country was open, farm houses being scattered here and there, but suddenly the road plunged into a deep ravine and surrounded us by dense woods for several miles.

We soon reached the Sandy River Ponds.

These the stage road followed for about three miles until the Greenvale Plantation was reached, where we stopped for dinner.

Greenvale Plantation is a collection of about three houses and one barn, situated almost at the foot of Saddleback Mountain. A small stream rises on this mountain, and taking time after dinner we visited the falls and cascades that are near the house, ob-

taining several fine views of some very wild scenery. Fishing in this stream is excellent. The writer made a catch, some two weeks later, of seventy-five brook trout in one day, weighing from 1-4 to 1 pound. About three years ago the Greenvale house caught fire and the nearest fire engine being miles away the house burned to the ground and Greenvale Plantation is no more. The distance from Greenvale to Rangeley is three miles. This part of the journey we found the most pleasant. The road being on high ground gave us a fine view of Rangeley Lake, surrounded on all sides by green hills and towering mountains. At last Rangeley Village came in sight and the stage dashed down the hill to stop at the front steps of the hotel. Making arrangements for stopping over night we started to find our old guide, "Eben," who was to go with us on our expedition. We were finally successful and our guide welcomed us with the well-known Maine greeting, "How be ye." Early the next morning we found Eben at the hotel dressed in camping costume, with a buckboard to take us to Long Pond, which was to be our starting point.

It was a clear, cold day so often found in Maine during the latter part of July. The wind blowing

from the north gave promise of pleasant weather for several days. We rode direct to Greenvale. There we took the right hand turn, through several clearings.

Once we saw a partridge and her young cross the road ahead of us, but they quickly disappeared in the bushes. From the top of a hill we saw Long Pond sparkling under the rays of the sun, at the lower end of which rose the mountain that we were soon to make our camping ground.

Our guide thought it best to hire a boat at a house near by and visit the inlet, camping there for a few days. This we agreed to do and stowing our things in a good cedar boat we soon severed our last ties with civilization. A little more than two-thirds of the way from the outlet of Long Pond flows a fairly large stream.

Here we decided to make our camp, and heading for the shore Eben gave three powerful strokes with the oars and the boat stuck fast on a sand bar. Pushing with the oars did no good. The only help was to take off shoes and stockings and jump into the icy water, and by dragging the boat a short distance we reached the shore in safety. The beach extended in a long curve, and near where we landed

a small spring bubbled out of the sand. This would make fine drinking water, so we decided to build our camp just back of the spring.

Not having a tent with us we started at once to build a lean-to." Selecting a dry place, we drove two stakes into the ground, in the forks of which we placed a pole, and from this we ran small poles to the ground. This completed the framework, the roof we thatched with hemlock boughs, using the softest for the bed. A fireplace having been made on the shore we soon had supper cooked, which we found quite acceptable. About sunset my friend and I went for a paddle. Not a sound broke the stillness of the evening. Occasionally the cry of a loon would be heard, then all was still again. As the darkness increased it became colder, and a mist rose off the water, making us feel that a fire would be acceptable, but Eben had anticipated us and already the cheerful blaze of a roaring fire sent up its showers of sparks into the shadow of the forest. To sit by a camp fire in the wilds of Maine and listen to bear stories is pure enjoyment.

At the most exciting part a blazing log in the fire will drop, making several cold shivers run down your back, but the steady gaze at the burning logs

made us sleepy, and we were ready by 9 o'clock to tumble in on our fragrant fir boughs. It being quite cold we examined the thermometer and to our surprise found the mercury as low as 44 degrees, while it went even lower during the night. In fact, the cold being so great we woke up about four in the morning stiff and sore, and on making another examination found the temperature had dropped to 38 degrees.

This being Friday, we felt the need of some fish, so taking my rod I walked to the mouth of the stream, where I soon captured several trout which were quickly dressed and broiled over a hot fire. What more could one wish for than a breakfast of oat meal, bacon, broiled trout, buckwheat cakes and coffee? For several days the weather continued fine, and the temperature went as low as 40 degrees for two nights.

Our lean-to, facing the pond, was somewhat exposed, but we managed to keep warm with four blankets over us and by sleeping in a sweater. Near the mouth of the stream a blazed trail led to Beaver Pond, and all of us agreeing it would be a good trip to make we started early one morning prepared for a hard tramp, taking with us our dinner, the

guns and fishing tackle. At first the trail followed the stream through swampy ground and walking was not easy. We would step on a tuft of grass that looked solid, then down we would go up to the tops of our boots. A gentle rise soon placed us on hard ground again, and here we bagged some partridges. After three miles of tramping over fallen trees we lost the blaze, and it was only by hard work that it was found again. About noon the land became quite level and at last through a maze of trees a break was seen, which became larger as we pushed ahead and breaking through the bushes the waters of a pond spread out before us. Not fifty yards away stood a buck and two fawns. Not wishing to kill them we fired a gun into the air. With one bound they were on the bank and kicking their heels in the air they disappeared into the bushes. Beaver Pond is really a river dammed by Beavers making a stretch of water about two miles long. There is only one way to cross this pond, which is over a tree that has fallen between its narrowest points.

The guide went across, but the temptation to fish being too great I walked out on the log and cast my flies. The instant the line touched the water I had a strike and hooking my prize I landed a trout about

1-4 lb. in weight, one of the most beautiful specimens I have ever seen, the skin being a rich brown and the spots a brilliant red. A dozen of these being enough for our wants we gathered our traps together and started for camp, arriving about six, tired and hungry. The next two days it rained hard and the wind blew a hurricane. We spent the time playing cards under a shelter of canvas we had erected over our kitchen table. At the best, rainy weather in camp is very monotonous, and we were glad when the storm finally left us.

We broke camp early the next morning and rowing to the outlet of Long Pond we hid our boat in the bushes. There we divided the luggage into three bundles and commenced at once to climb the mountain.

A heavy growth of bushes lined the shore for some distance, and brushing them aside as we pushed through our clothes were soon soaking wet, but walking warmed us some and the water soon dried off. As we ascended our bundles became heavier and we were soon obliged to stop and rest. Fortunately near us a small brook flowed across the path and we quenched our thirst with the clear, cold water. The black flies soon gave us warning that it

Crawford Notch, White Mountains. Page 62.

was time to move, so shouldering our packs we pushed on again through the forest. We had not advanced far when it became necessary to resort to the axe to clear away a large windfall that was directly across our path. Noon soon came and finding ourselves at a dividing point in the path we called a halt for dinner. Underground we could hear running water, and by digging down about two feet found a small brook, the water of which we used to make coffee.

Our lunch being ended we commenced at once to scale the high precipice into which the path led us, and after tearing our clothes and scraping the skin off in several places we finally reached the top in safety. On we pushed and it seemed as if night would overtake us before reaching the pond, but fortunately we were mistaken, for there far ahead through the trees a small opening was seen, and hastening on we broke through the bushes to behold Mountain Pond, which had been our dreams for so many long months. No deer were feeding in the bay, but in the lily pads close by several ducks swam lazily around—two of these we killed with our shotgun, and by wading out managed to reach them with a long pole.

Our first duty was to locate the lean-to we knew had been built near the path. This we soon found and everything was arranged comfortably for the night. We made an excellent meal on roast duck and some trout we had brought up from Long Pond. As soon as night began to fall hoot owls and once in a while screech owls would send their weird cry, echoing across the pond. The guide told bear stories until too tired to talk any longer we soon fell asleep. There was no boat at Mountain Pond, and knowing that trout swarmed in the deep holes we were anxious to try our luck. The only way out of the difficulty seemed to be for us to build a raft, from which we could fish. Selecting two large trees we felled them, and cutting these in halves laid the four logs side by side in the water; we nailed small poles across to hold the logs together.

With two slim poling rods we started pushing the raft up the pond against a head wind. This was not easy, but by hard pushing we soon reached the head of the pond. Here we let the wind drift us back again, and our fun commenced. Casting our flies from the raft we landed trout, one, two and three pounds in weight. Several large ones got away with hooks and part of the line, but we were able to catch

twenty or so before the raft reached the lower end of the pond. Having enough for our wants we returned to camp to lie around till dinner time. Not far away from Mountain Pond lies a small sheet of water (not named on the map), that we decided to visit. No trail or path led to this pond, so we used our compass to find the way, blazing the trees as we pushed through the forest that extended unbroken for miles around. It was easy work at first making a path, but after blazing trees for about an hour we came upon one of our marks that had been made perhaps a half hour before. Evidently we had travelled in a complete circle. Knowing how easily one could get lost in these woods one of us climbed a high spruce tree and from the top took the bearings by the sun. A couple of hours more tramping and blazing trails brought us to a high ridge. Here a heavily beaten deer path led directly down into a deep hollow. This we followed, and as we advanced deer and moose tracks became more numerous. This showed we were near the pond, and before we were aware of it we were at the water's edge. Three deer stood in the water near us, and not knowing a better name for such a body of water we called it "Deer Pond." We erected a small lean-to on a dry

spot, and by the time this was completed it was long past supper time, as the sun was setting thick clouds gathered and it began to rain hard. The boughs on the roof of the lean-to were laid very thick and although it rained all night no water leaked through. Clear and bright the sun shone in our faces the next morning, and rubbing our stiff limbs we tumbled out of camp, and soon had some trout frying for breakfast. The black flies being thick about this pond we decided to go around it once and then return to camp. There were certainly enough deer around this pond to satisfy anyone. Every little while we would hear one blowing and then the animal would stamp off into the woods with a rush.

Hard beaten path after path would cross and recross each other in all directions, once in a while a large, deep hole would show where moose or caribou had left their foot prints. We gathered a lot of spruce gum on our way back, and from one tree we collected about three pounds of almost pure gum. During the winter men make a business of getting gum, as it sells for about $1.10 a pound to the dealers. We easily found our trail back, and taking a last look at Deer Pond we made our way back to camp. It would take too much space to tell all we

did during the remainder of our stay at Mountain Pond, and all the places we visited.

The time passed very rapidly, and before we knew it our vacation had come to an end. Our supply of food ran short, so gathering together our traps we bade "good bye" to Mountain Pond, and making our way down the mountain we arrived without any mishap. Getting a team at a house near by we were driven to Rangeley village and found ourselves surrounded once more by the luxuries of civilization. The next day Eben drove us to Phillips. Here our trip ended, and bidding "good bye" to our guide we took the train for Boston, where we arrived safely.

Our trip had been so full of interest that we both agreed to try our luck again in the woods on our next summer's vacation.

CHAPTER XII.

Three Weeks In a Maine Log Cabin.

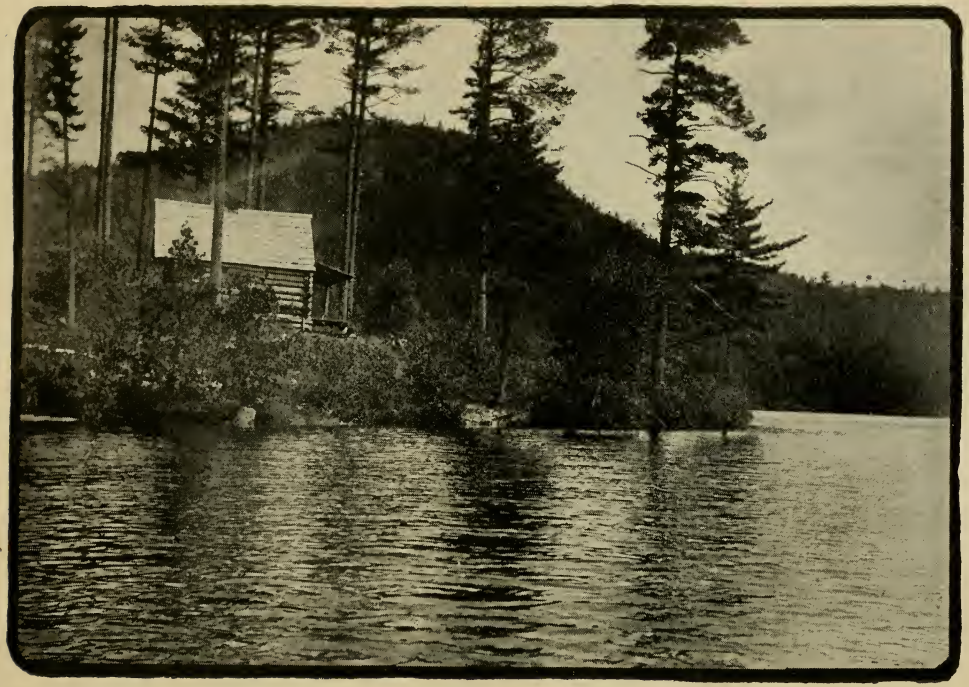
ONE who has never camped in a log cabin in the wilds of the Maine woods has something to live for. Although a tent is really the best way to camp out, because one is able to move from place to place and take his "house" with him, in a canoe, there is no enjoyment greater than the pleasure of living in a Maine log cabin. The wildness, the solitude and the romance that surround one of these abodes of the early pioneer is entrancing indeed. Hundreds of these camps are found on streams, ponds and lakes, from one end of Maine to the other; some are easy of access, while others are worth a man's life to get to, and when once reached it is a poor sportsman indeed who ever wants to leave it. Log camps are to a lover of the woods a rural palace. Of course one cannot have spring beds, and bell boys to run errands, but to be chief cook and dish washer is certainly good experience,

and any amount of fun. If the oatmeal is burned in the morning it only adds flavor to the breakfast, or if the corncake absolutely refuses to rise, one can use it for an anchor the next time he goes fishing. A good housekeeper never wastes anything in camp. The many dishes one can cook in camp is surprising. Take trout for instance; they can be baked, fried in Indian meal, or fried in bacon and onions, roasted in clay, or best of all broiled over a fire of hot coals. I don't believe there is a better dish on earth than broiled small brook trout, eaten bones and all! But it is not every one who is fortunate enough to be able to cook over a camp stove. The fire is certainly a hot one—and hungry sportsmen never can wait long enough for an oven to bake. The inside furnishings of most log cabins are not elegant, but they are substantial. Large bunks with beds of spruce boughs fresh from the forest, fragrant with the smell of fir balsam.

A large table upon which we pile everything in the way of eating utensils, cans of preserves and bottles of olives and pickles. A couple of rude chairs and perhaps a stool or two add to the furnishings of the camp. A few windows appear on the sides or front of the camp, some with glass, most

of them with the place where the glass ought to be.

Good camps have the roof made of cedar trees split into rails, others have bark stripped from spruce trees in the spring time, spread over the top, which is a good protection from rain when the bark is new, but after a season or so it goes all to pieces. Between the logs of these camps huge quantities of moss is stuffed, which is a pretty good preventive against the cold, but it doesn't keep the mosquitoes from crawling in somewhere, and when once in the only possible show of living is to build an enormous smudge in a kettle on the floor, open all windows and doors, and then watch them come buzzing angrily out. But in spite of these few disadvantages the fact of living in the midst of the Maine wilderness, miles from any town or railroad, and knowing that one is thrown upon his own resources, makes a man of a fellow. Situated in a small secluded cove, on Lake Mooselookmeguntic, Rangeley, is a small camp named "Wild Wood." Two cabins comprise this settlement, one a cook house and the other a dining room, which is kept locked by its owner. The cook house, however, is left open for the use of sportsmen, and whether it is used or not can readily be seen by the hundreds



Arnold Pond Camp, Megantic Preserve. Page 66.

of names written and carved all over the logs of the camp. The water in the lake reaches the piazza, and all one has to do when he washes dishes is to lean over the front piazza, reach a little sand off the bottom and the rest is easy, as can be seen by the photograph. The fish in the lake enjoy this washing of dishes as much as the one who does it, and their excitement is so great that they jump all over themselves in their eagerness to get every morsel thrown at them. Inside the camp there are two bunks large enough for two in each, a table, stools, and a good cook stove.

The surroundings of this camp are very picturesque indeed, and near by are two ponds, Richardson and Deer Ponds, where one can always get a glimpse of deer, and good fishing. While at "Wild Wood" we had an exciting adventure that happened one evening when returning from a paddle on the lake. The shades of night were just falling, darkening the outline of the shore, which we could see from our canoe through the mist, just rising off the waters. A few stars were commencing to twinkle in the clear sky, not a sound broke the stillness of the evening, occasionally a splash in the lake, where some trout had captured a fly, or the cry of a loon

echoing across the water awoke us from the revery that we had fallen into. As we approached the shadow cast by the shore on the water, my friend made the cold shivers run down my back by suddenly exclaiming, "What's that in front of the camp?" Stopping with my paddle I gazed intently ahead, and there in front of the cabin facing directly towards us from the door which we had carelessly left open stood an animal perfectly still. Not wishing to frighten the beast, and wondering what it could be, we proceeded towards shore very cautiously. As we drew nearer our eyes became more accustomed to the darkness, and imagine our surprise when we discovered that our visitor was one of those large sized hedge-hogs so common in the Maine woods, but harmless as he might be, Mr. Porcupine must be disposed of before we could enter our camp. Strange as it may seem, the only weapon we could find between us was a 32-calibre revolver which I had put in my pocket before starting, and as I had been so thoughtful in taking such a useful thing along with me, my friend decided that I was the proper one to face the enemy, so screwing my courage up to the starting point I climbed out over the bow of the canoe onto the end of the piazza, crawled

two steps toward the hedge-hog, took careful aim and fired. The most awful report rent the night air, the bullet hit somewhere, then bounced into the lake near me with a splash. The blinding flash and concussion of the revolver stunned me at first, but recovering from the shock I heard my friend hollering, "Run, he's after you!" Once was enough, and it was a matter of about three seconds before I had fled to the woods and commenced to climb a tree. "It's all right, he's gone in the camp," came from the canoe, and retracing my steps I once more advanced on the enemy. "You had better take a light in with you," suggested my friend, and thinking that a good plan I tore a long strip of birch bark from a tree near by, and lighting this I proceeded at once into the cabin.

The darkness was intense, but soon the torch blazed up brightly, and there under our stove I perceived two shining green spots pointing directly at me. "I've got you now," I said to myself, and taking careful aim I blazed away at the animal. The report was so loud at first I was unable to tell what happened. I simply knew that the bullet had struck the stove and bounced on the table! Evidently I was rattled and a poor shot, but I had no time for

reflection. The green spots of light commenced to move, and in my direction; I was determined this time to hit him or die in the attempt, so waiting until his body came out from behind the stove I fired a third time and with effect, for the porcupine with quills standing on end made for the door, and as I happened to be between him and that means of exit I gladly went out first, and left him a free passageway, which he availed himself of, disappearing into the woods, leaving behind him a considerable quantity of quills and a few drops of blood. Our next camping place was at Pine Point, further down the lake. We reached camp about 9 o'clock, as the full moon was rising over the tree-tops, and after considerable trouble we made the shore by cutting a channel through the dead driftwood and stumps of trees that lined the beach.

Pine Point camp is a deserted loggers' camp, and a wilder looking place I have never seen. The camp itself is a rude affair and not very inviting, but we were there for the night anyway, and the fact that we had not eaten supper told us that we had better take possession at once. Birch bark once more became of use as a light, and with a torch made of this flaming material we entered boldly, peering into

corners of the camp for any intruder that might be there, but we did not discover any, so quickly bringing our luggage from the canoe we soon had a good fire made on the floor, in the middle of the camp. When we finished our supper of fried bacon it was bed time, so extinguishing the fire, but not the smoke, we ascended above to the bunk made of bean poles, and then we regretted ever building a fire in the camp. The smoke was something frightful, but it drove out the mosquitoes, and that was one consolation. Our bunk faced the window, and the moon shone in with a beam of light on the floor beneath. We had begun to doze off a little, when a loud scratching was heard at the door of the camp, then a grunt or two. "What's that?" whispered my friend, and sitting up in bed we peered with smarting eyes through the smoke at the moonlight on the window; some more scratching, and as we looked a head appeared, then the body of an animal reached the window sill. "One of those hedge-hogs again," exclaimed George, and he was right. This time I was going to let him show his prowess with the revolver, so taking careful aim he let drive, the pistol went off, but the animal never moved. Once more he pulled the trigger, but he never touched

him. The hedge-hog realizing that something was up moved across the window, and at that moment George fired again, and I could see the animal scramble off the window to the ground and he vanished into the woods.

We woke up about 3 o'clock the next morning stiff, and full of holes, made by knots that were in the bean poles. It was pretty cold, too, and feeling the need of a little something to eat, I climbed down from the bunk, gathered together a few sticks and shavings and lit a fire on the floor. Opening our pack of provisions I put my hands on a strip of bacon first, and thinking that would go pretty well I sliced off a couple of strips, put them on a forked stick and held them over the fire. My friend up above was too sleepy to pay much attention to what I was doing, so I relapsed into perfect silence and watched the drops of fat drip off the frying bacon into the fire. One side of the bacon was pretty well fried, and I was about to turn it over, when from the outside of the camp came the most blood-curdling cry and shriek that I had ever heard. It sounded as if a man were being murdered. Dropping the bacon into the fire I made one dive for the rifle, and my friend, who just realized that something had hap-

pened, cried out "What's that?" "I don't know; I think it must be a panther or a wild cat," I replied, and I was just on the point of opening the door with the idea of looking into the matter when with a second cry louder and wilder than the first broke the stillness of the forest. "Guess I won't go outside just yet," I exclaimed, and waiting five minutes or so to see if it came again I cautiously opened the door and looked out. The first faint flush of the break of day appeared in the sky, but not a breath of air moved in the forest. Stepping outside I tried to obtain sight or sound of our strange visitor, but without success, probably he had vanished to another part of the forest. It was a strange experience, and we have often wondered what the animal could have been. A rabbit was shot in the morning, the skin of which we spread on the roof of our camp to dry, on the lower right hand corner. Getting tired of the lake we started the next day for Kennebago River to go up as far as "Wild Bank" camp. If you have never been up Kennebago River in a canoe you don't know what hard work is. The first part of the journey was dead water and easy enough, but when the quick water was reached then the work began. At Screw Auger falls we got in a tight spot and

thought we were over sure, my hat was lost in the excitement, and the roaring water rapidly carried it out of sight.

Eighteen rapids and falls were poled and dragged over before we reached "Ash Tree" camp, once there we rested for an hour or so, after which we continued on again over eight more rapids to camp "Wild Bank."

This camp is a well built one, perfectly watertight, and with four large bunks. The stove is also of good size and quite new. The owner of this camp leases it by the day or week to camping parties, and one need have no fear of porcupines in this camp because it is kept locked when not occupied. This part of the river is as far up as one can go in a canoe, and the fishing commences at this point. The game season was open when we were there and the ducks and partridges that we brought into camp proved it to be a sportsman's paradise. After staying in camp for a few days we decided to go on an exploring expedition up the river, about a day's journey, and build a "lean-to." Taking with us sweaters, an axe, fishing rods, frying-pan, eating utensils, and a small supply of food, we set out at six o'clock in the morning. Following the river bed, we passed through a very

Arnold Pond Camps At Sunrise. Megantic Preserve. Page 66.

wild and interesting country. Game was seen continually, first a fox would run across the path, then a partridge would rise up from some low bush and fly whirring off into the forest, now and then a deer would "blow" near by, and we would hear the crash of trees as he fled away in the distance. About noon we examined the map and decided to take a short cut to Cupsuptic Pond. Leaving the river on our right we struck off in a south easterly direction, at a gait of about two miles an hour, but the windfalls and thick undergrowth became so dense that we could hardly walk at all, and in fact in a very short space of time, we began to realize that we had lost our way as the pond should have been reached an hour ago. Getting lost in the Maine woods is no joke, one might wander for days and fail to extricate himself from the labyrinth of trees that extend for miles in every direction.

At first neither of us dared to suggest such a thing, but the strain became too great, and I exclaimed, "Where are we anyway?" "That's what I've been thinking," replied my companion, and sitting down on the nearest tree stump we mopped our brows and looked at each other. It was very important to try and get our location from the sun, but from where

we were it was impossible to see any part of the sun through the dense growth of spruce trees that surrounded us, so selecting a straight tree my companion stripped off part of his clothes, and after considerable exertion succeeding in reaching the top. No water was in sight, but taking the bearings by the sun, which was now nearing the horizon, we pushed ahead again for about an hour, when a perceptible change was noticed in the growth of trees, the spruces giving way to birch, ash and maple trees, and before we were aware of it, we had arrived on the top of quite an elevation of land. Evidently water would be found at the bottom, and with renewed energies we pushed on and soon perceived a break in the forest, and the roar of a cascade met our ears a hundred yards further and we came out upon the shore of Kennebago River, at a point we had passed early in the morning, some three miles up. We had gone in a complete circle! It was too late to think of returning, so we commenced at once to build our "lean-to" on a dry spot of land, on the bank of the river. Deer tracks were very thick along the bank, and as night began to fall many of them came to drink, not ten yards away from our camp. As we were sitting around the camp-fire a fox appeared on the opposite shore. Not

wishing to hurt the animal we watched it cross over the river on a large fallen tree, and disappear into the forest.

Nothing happened to disturb our night's rest, and with the exception of a little lameness the next morning we were none the worse for our experience.

Retracing our steps to "Wild Bank" we arrived just in time to escape a severe thunder shower which came up about noon time. The shower proved a longer one than we expected, in fact it settled into a severe storm, and after three or four days of very disagreeable weather we closed our camp in disgust and made our homeward trip, leaving behind us posted in front of the camp the following notice:

"Four days and nights we tarried here,
And every day had rain,
Till on the fifth in grim despair
We left the woods of Maine!"

Our trip down Kennebago River was a quick one, very easy work and without any spills, and we arrived at Haines Landing about nightfall, safe and sound and ready to return to the ease and comfort of civilization, but in spite of all the hardships that we had

been through during the three weeks of our camping in Maine we both of us could truly say—

"It certainly is sweet among the pines
And I'm so glad I came,
I never had such glorious times
Till I came down in Maine!"

CHAPTER XIII.

How We Saw the Megantic Preserve.

GETTING ready for a genuine camping trip is certainly not an easy matter. What to take and what not to take are questions that one decides a dozen times before the right things are selected. Then, finding that twice as many things are chosen as there is room for, one gives it up as a hopeless task, only to commence all over again.

Small wonder, was it, that some of our party of thirteen discovered, as we gathered together at the North Union station on that memorable Friday morning, the 13th of July, that various articles of all descriptions had been forgotten, and well might the strongest hearted of us lose courage upon finding that the train went on track 13! But we had no time for reflection, the five minute bell had already sounded, and hustling our baggage into the Buffet car we waved a last "good bye" to our friends as the train started, and we were soon speeding rapidly to-

wards the Megantic Club, Canada, where we were to have our summer's outing.

Selecting our various seats we piled our dress suit cases, fishing rods, hats, coats etc., in reckless confusion and then settled ourselves to read the morning newspapers. The city of Lynn was soon passed, and by this time having read our papers we adjourned to the smoking room, where we had a chance to tell our jolly stories and recall our many past experiences.

Arrangements had been made before leaving to pick up several of our party on the way; the first one was to meet us at Fabyans. There our friend waited for us to arrive in time for dinner, but he waited in vain, as the train was late and we lunched before reaching Fabyans. The ride through the White Mountains was very pleasant. A clear sky gave an excellent chance to photograph the famous Crawford Notch from the observation car. The rapid motion of the train caused the landscape nearest the camera to be blurred, but the "Notch" itself and the mountains surrounding it on all sides showed up with startling clearness. By six o'clock St. Johnsbury was reached, our first stopping place. St. Johnsbury is an enterprising town, situated on the top of a high hill, the view from the top of which is fine in-

deed. Several large factories give employment to people in the town, and although it is a quiet town it certainly is a thriving one. At St. Johnsbury we were met by one of the members of the Megantic Club and the leader of our party. Escorting us to the best hotel we partook of a very large dinner, especially our friend who had not eaten since morning. Taking the 7.56 train we again continued our journey northward until Lenoxville was reached. Here we were obliged to change cars to the Canadian Pacific R. R., carrying our dress suit cases (which was all the baggage we had) through a pouring rain and a lot of mud to the station. There we waited about an hour, killing time by lying on settees and taking short naps until about 11.30, when, far in the distance, a headlight was seen and the Canadian Pacific Express (on its way to Halifax), drawn by a large engine with three driving wheels, came rushing into the station amidst a shower of sparks and a roar like thunder. Piling on board we did our best to get sleeping berths, but ordinary seats were all we got, and in these managed to doze off a bit until at 2.15 Megantic, P. Q., was reached. There we left the train, and after stumbling around in the darkness for ten minutes we were able to find the Lake

View House, where we obtained beds for the remainder of the night. It was cold, dark, and windy when we woke up the next morning. A gale was blowing outside, and an occasional spattering of rain on the windows did not add much to the cheerfulness of the morning, but we quickly dressed, and after a hurried breakfast left at once for the steamer which was to carry us across Lake Megantic to the portage at the upper end of the lake.

It had been raining in Megantic for four weeks before our arrival, and it seemed as if it ought to clear up for our benefit, but it didn't, and to say that the carry from Megantic Lake to Spider Lake was muddy was putting it mildly, but not until the landing at Spider was reached and it commenced to rain hard did we realize how very wet it was. But in spite of the rain we enjoyed the trip up the lake in the launch, and when the Macannamac Lodge came into view it was greeted with rousing cheers from all of us.

After being introduced all around to the proprietor, we were given our rooms, and unpacking our baggage we soon changed our civilization clothes for camping costume, and commenced to "git our lines and reels together." By this time dinner was an-

nounced, to which all of us did ample justice. There has recently been a law passed in Canada forbidding visitors to fish in Canadian waters unless a permit has been obtained from the government at an expense of ten dollars. Members of the club, however, are exempt from this law, and availing themselves of the opportunity several of our party visited Spider River and returned late in the afternoon with some fine trout, one of them weighing as high as three pounds.

The morning of the next day was spent in getting ready for the start; each of our six guides stored our luggage in his pack, and we found that many of us had brought about twice as much as the guides could carry, which made it necessary to leave part of our things at the club house.

By two thirty we were ready to start, and we lined up to have our photograph taken. Several of us had large sombreros made of straw, with long gaudy ribbons wound around them. Some were dressed in Khaki cloth suits and others in golf suits and sweaters. Taken altogether we were quite a rough lot of fellows.

At the word "march," we started off in single file, headed for Arnold Pond camps, a distance of about eight miles from the club house. The trail was not

a difficult one; it followed Spider Lake for a little distance and then turned off in the direction of Louise mountains. These were soon reached. Up we climbed. The path was not rough, but it was steep, and those who were not accustomed to this kind of work were soon ready to call a halt. A drink of cold water at a brook near by, and a short rest, refreshed us quite a little. The boundary line between Canada and Maine was soon crossed, and ahead in the distance I could see my partner plodding along with a pack on his back. This he insisted on carrying for eight miles simply for exercise, a feat which none of the rest of us cared to imitate. On we pushed, marching through the dense woods in single file until about four o'clock a break was seen in the trees ahead, and a shout from the leader announced that Arnold Pond was finally reached. Such a large party arriving at camp unexpectedly, it took the steward some time to prepare supper, but we went fishing for a couple of hours and here we caught our first trout in Maine. Supper was served about eight o'clock, and it seemed as if we never would get enough to eat; what was left wouldn't make a meal for a larged sized trout. Before turning in for the night we paddled around the pond, visiting a private

Beaver House. Ed. Grant's Camp. Page 73.

To All Beavers: "You must not build your dams on my land."
Per Order Ed. Grant. Page 73.

camp near by, where we received a royal welcome, until about nine-thirty we were glad to say "good-night" and turn in to our beds of fir boughs. It happened that eight of us were obliged to double up in one camp, and it certainly was a "full house" with "eight-up" at four-thirty the next morning, roused out of our peaceful slumbers by one of our enthusiastic members who wanted to go fishing. He went, but the rest of us went to asleep again until the horn announced that breakfast was ready, and we certainly did eat fried trout and bacon that morning.

Breakfast being finished about eight-thirty, we packed up our baggage and started on again, heading for a farm house owned by a man named Cameron. The house is built exactly on the border line between Maine and Canada, one-half being in Maine, the other in Canada. This farm we reached in about half an hour. Branching off we struck into the burnt clearing in the direction of Massachusetts Bog. Our party broke up into twos, and my partner and I striking up a lively gait were the first to arrive at the Bog. Massachusetts Bog is a stretch of water about two miles long and not over 150 feet wide at any part. It flows along in a sluggish current hardly perceptible. The depth is about five to six feet deep

with a bottom entirely of mud. Along its banks many alders and stunted bushes grow, making good hiding places for the many trout that swarm in the waters of the bog. It is a great place for deer to come and feed, and the deep foot-prints in the mud show where deer and occasionally moose have been cooling themselves in the shallow water. Taking one of the boats at the landing our guide paddled us up the crooked stream, and for two miles we fished. Casting our flies, we had a rise at every cast, catching some large trout and some small ones. The flies used on this trip were mostly Parmachenee Bell, Silver Doctor and Montreal. This cast proved good on all occasions and was our favorite throughout the trip. Arriving at the end of the bog our guide paddled back with an extra boat to bring the rest of our party across, and we decided to wait for him. The rain commenced to come down about this time, and wishing to get under shelter my partner and I walked ahead about half a mile to a "lean-to" erected for the use of sportsmen. There the rest of the party joined us about noon-time. This was the place for us to eat lunch, and our guides commenced at once to cook the trout we had captured at the Bog. The fried trout we ate with bacon and crackers.

Heavy black clouds overhead warned us that rain would soon come down in good earnest, so gathering our traps together we started again, headed for big North West Pond, our next resting place. The trail was not rough, but the air was moist and muggy, and even though we shed our outside garments, we found ourselves soaked through with perspiration when we arrived at the Big North West.

Once more we dipped our paddles in the water, and camp was no sooner reached than it commenced to rain hard. The water came down in bucketfuls and we were obliged to stay in doors and play cards until supper time, after which the rain let up a little and we were able to fish again, and such fishing was never seen before. Hundreds of trout swarm in the waters of Big North West Pond, and they are certainly the finest eating trout the writer has ever had.

The scenery at Big North West Pond is not so grand as at other ponds on the Preserve, but the location, its size, and unsurpassed fishing, make it a very desirable camping place. Near the camp is a spring of clear, cold water, noted for its freshness and very low temperature. Rarely, if ever, during the summer does its temperature go above 38 degrees, and when poured in a tumbler large drops of

moisture form on the outside, giving one a drink as cold as ice water. Several cabins at this pond gave us a chance to divide up, and four of us took the camp nearest the shore of the pond. This cabin we found was not absolutely watertight, and several drops leaked in before morning. It still continued to rain, and to make it still more wet a thunder shower came up during the night, and sometimes it was impossible to tell which was louder, the thunder or the nasal solo by one of our sleeping companions. Morning came at last, announced by the symphony of mosquitoes in our cabin, and to rid ourselves of their terrible stings we roused ourselves, and looking out of the window saw nothing but rain, rain, rain. One can't have pleasant weather all of the time in camp, so we made up our minds to make the best of it. After breakfast some of us went to Grant Pond, near by, bringing back trout that were larger than at North West, but not as good eating. Late in the afternoon a break in the clouds gave us a chance to fish, and we had no sooner dipped our paddles in the water when a war whoop was heard at the Massachusetts Bog trail and the mail carrier appeared in view with one of our party who had been unable to start on the thirteenth. This addition to our party

was a great joy to all of us, and after receiving him with open arms the mail was distributed, and with newspapers and letters the time passed rapidly until, before we realized it, the horn announced that supper was ready. Early the next morning we were aroused by the guides, who were anxious to make an early start, but before leaving for Big Island Pond (the most brilliant gem in the dazzling Tiara of the Megantic Preserve, as one of the party called it) we arranged ourselves in front of the camp and had our photographs taken. After a very large breakfast we quickly packed up our belongings and started at once for Grant Pond, which was a short walk of only fifteen minutes. Here we used the boats at the landing to transport us across the pond to the trail at the other end. Silence reigned as we paddled our boats. The downpour of rain which followed us incessantly had somewhat dampened our ardor, but we were becoming hardened to it by this time, and although the tramp from Grant to Big Island Pond was a wet one, there was not a murmur from any of us.

Our arrival at Big Island Pond was a cause for rejoicing to all of us. Tired, wet and hungry, we gladly threw our heavy packs into the boats, and with the guides at oars the two and a half miles of water

to the club camps was soon covered, and it didn't take us long to settle ourselves comfortably for the remainder of our stay at the Preserve. It would not be easy to exaggerate the scenic splendor of this beautiful pond. The camps, situated as they are on an open spot on one of the mountain sides, overlook the whole pond, which is completely surrounded by towering mountains, covered with thick spruce and evergreen trees as far as the eye can see. An excellent table and clean camps help to make this one of the most desirable locations on the Preserve.

We certainly retired early, as we all felt the need of rest, but it seemed hardly a minute before the loud blowing of a horn roused us to the realization that breakfast was ready, and looking out of our camp we found that at last the storm had left us, and the blue water spread out before us was sparkling under the dazzling rays of the rising sun. This was a glorious day for a visit to the famous Ed. Grant's camps, and several of our party wishing to see the well-known Beaver Pond gathered together fishing rods, cameras and sweaters, and taking along a couple of guides to show us the way, we started in single file, plunging at once into the dense woods that the trail led us into. Huge trees lined the path on all

sides, occasionally nature would reveal itself in the note of some stray bird calling to its mate from some distant tree-top, or the scampering of a squirrel over the dry leaves; climbing to the branch of some tree he would sit, chattering at us as we passed harmlessly by. For three miles or more we tramped amidst the silence of the woods, breathing in the exhilarating ozone which freshened our lungs, making us feel buoyant and happy. Beaver Pond is not large, but on its wild and woody shore Ed. Grant has built a collection of camps which are famous all over Maine for an ideal place in which to have a summer's outing. At the upper end of this pond beavers have erected their houses made of sticks and small logs, cut by them and piled one upon another in reckless confusion. These houses have raised the level of the pond and flooded some of Grant's land, and in the hope of preventing other houses being built Ed. Grant has posted on a tree near by the following notice:

"Mr. Beaver:

"You must not build your dams on my land.

Per order,

"Ed. Grant."

After visiting the houses and dams of the beavers

we were served with an excellent dinner, and finishing off with some of his best cigars we bade "good bye" to Grant's camp and returned very well pleased with our visit.

My partner and I, anxious for hardships out of the ordinary routine of camp life, examined the map and laid out a trip of forty miles or more that we thought would take about two days of hard tramping to cover. The country through which we were going was not an easy one to traverse, the guides called it a howling wilderness, but having once made up our minds nothing could turn us back, so preparations were at once made for starting. We took with us simply a sweater, extra pair of stockings, rifle, camera, fishing rods and a small supply of crackers and bacon.

Unfortunately I neglected to take an extra pair of shoes, which caused me no end of trouble as will be seen later on. Our guide carried what few articles we had, and leaving camp the next morning about ten we rowed across Big Island Pond to the Chain of Ponds trail. Here we commenced a tramp of eight miles before water would again be reached. At first we followed the Club trail, and near Rock Pond a most interesting photograph was taken of a spruce

A Natural Curiosity. Megantic Preserve. Page 75.

Two Miles of Corduroy Road. Megantic Preserve. Page 80.

tree that had grown from the ground a distance of five feet to the top of a large boulder, where it had again taken root and continued up into a large tree. We soon left the trail and branched off into the "tote" road, which became harder walking. Several streams made this road its river bed during the summer, and we were compelled to make our way as best we could along its steep banks. The sun shone through a cloudless sky, and we found it pretty hot wherever open places in the road were crossed, but we continued on at a rapid gait as we had a long distance to travel before nightfall. About twelve o'clock we came upon a beautiful brook flowing across the path under a log bridge. This gave us a good chance to cook lunch, which we did, devouring huge quantities of bacon and dry crackers. By one o'clock we found ourselves rested and once more on the move. The surrounding country now became more open, with high precipices of rock and towering mountains in the distance surrounding us on all sides. The path itself seemed to follow the irregularities of the landscape, and enormous rocks, fallen trees and washed out gullies presented themselves before us in endless numbers. Such rough climbing as this soon had its effect on my feet, and the heavy walking boots

I was wearing (with a pound of hob nails in the soles) began to hurt my feet. The heavy soles and thick stockings made my feet burn, so removing my stockings altogether I went barefoot in the shoes, which helped out quite a little. Indian Stream was soon reached, hundreds of deer tracks were printed in its clay bank, and deep pools in the stream tempted us to stop and fish, but we hastened on, and by three-thirty Long Pond was reached, where the change from walking to rowing was gladly welcomed. As we pulled out from behind a point of land into the lake, a sweep of wind from three lakes struck us dead ahead, and it was all we could do to move an inch against the roaring gale and the avalanche of water that fled before it. But Philip, our guide, was strong and our boat was light, so after much hard work and some kicking the club camp on the island was reached and a council of war was held.

"Should we spend the night at the camp or proceed down the lakes and strike in five or six miles towards Dead River that night?" The steward advised strongly against it, in fact he said we had better go right back to Big Island Pond the way we came, but that of course was out of the question. Finding, however, that not much time would be gained by go-

ing ahead at once, and feeling almost starved to death, we decided to remain over night at the camp, a wise decision, but one that I regretted afterwards. Of all the lakes and ponds in the Preserve Long Pond is the most beautiful, situated amidst towering mountains on all sides, the rugged grandeur of the scenery is beyond description, and the camera enthusiast or the artist's brush alone can picture it. Far off in the direction of Eustis, Mt. Bigelow can be seen, and as one gazes at it memories call one back to the time when Benedict Arnold and his brave band of followers travelled over this very pond on their famous but fruitless conquest of Quebec.

Unfortunately, a forest fire has swept over quite a district above Long Pond, and the trees being destroyed it gives a barrenness to part of the landscape that is very wild indeed. In one place a whole mountain of broken rock piled in endless confusion makes a natural haunt for the brown bears which are found there during all seasons of the year. Our guide showed us one particularly high precipice where a deer, brought to bay by dogs, jumped into the chasm beneath and was smashed to atoms on the sharp rocks, not a piece the size of a pound could be found. The remainder of the afternoon was occupied in swim-

ming and fishing in Bear Stream, and glad we were to turn into our beds shortly after supper time. By seven o'clock the next morning we were once more on the lake, headed for the lower end, where we were to take up the trail again. Long Pond had been raised in level about five feet in readiness for sending a large boom of logs down to the Dead River, and we found that what is usually a narrow passage way was now three or four hundred yards wide, but five good miles of rowing brought us to the end of the pond and we began our homeward tramp. The steward kindly loaned me a pair of sneakers to finish the journey with. They happened to be size 10, but stuffing them with grass to keep them on, I started bravely on the nine mile walk to Alder Farm, our first resting place. We followed the buckboard road and soon came upon Dead River, noted for its slow, sluggish current.

For two miles we followed its crooked course, sometimes along its pebbly shore, and then the path would lead us up its steep bank, where a view of the surrounding country could be seen. A couple of hours of this kind of walking brought us to the junction of Dead River and Alder Stream, and it being rather hot we decided that a good swim would refresh us a

bit. The temperature of Alder Stream was not warm, in fact it might be called ice water, but it was great sport swimming against its swift current, and we felt much refreshed as we started on again. Our hope had been to reach Alder Stream farm by noon, but twelve o'clock came and no farm had been seen, so a halt was called and lunch was served by our faithful guide. To say my feet ached from wearing sneakers over such a country as we were travelling was putting it mildly, but a fresh supply of grass helped matters a little, and after a rest of an hour we started on again. By one-thirty Alder farm was reached, and the proprietor thought he saw some business in sight in the way of serving us some dinner, but we had already lunched, and finding we had walked thirteen miles from Chain of Ponds (instead of nine as the map had it), and that ahead of us were nine miles more of the hardest road yet, we stopped for a drink of water only and commenced at once to climb the mountain that the trail led us into.

On we tramped, and as we advanced the road became worse and worse, huge rocks, boulders and trees were strewn recklessly in the pathway. How a buckboard ever passed over such a road is a mystery. Reaching the top of the mountain we struck a cordu-

roy road, and for two solid miles we were obliged to travel over this rough road, the sneakers nearly killing my feet, I was obliged to go bare foot in my heavy shoes again. At this gait we were able to go only about 2¼ miles an hour, and it seemed as if we would never reach camp, but by six-thirty an opening was seen through the trees, and into camp we stumbled, tired, hungry, and covered with mud. We had gone exactly forty miles since starting.

To lie around camp for the next few days was certainly a luxury; in fact it was necessary on my part, as my feet were in such condition that walking was quite painful. But who could object to remaining in such a beautiful place as Big Island Pond? The days passed only too quickly; part of the time we fished in L Pond, near by, bringing back strings of large sized trout and salmon, then we visited Rock Pond, where a collection of logging camps gave us a chance to obtain several fine photographs of where the lumbermen live in the winter. At one of these camps a large water-cart was standing in the "tote" road. This car is used in winter time for sprinkling water on the deep snow, forming a crust of ice, which prevents the horses from sinking in too deeply. Three of us mounted on this cart and as "monarchs

of all we survey," we had our photographs taken.

Four days after our long tramp the mail carrier brought a telegram for one of our party, calling him to Boston. This was a signal for a general breaking up, so packing together our few belongings we commenced our homeward march, some by the shortest possible route, while others, including my partner and I, unable to resist the temptation to see Big North West Pond again, made a longer journey of it and spent one more night at this sportsman's paradise.

This was the last time we would be able to eat trout on the trip, so it was not very early when we left the supper table. The distance from Big North West Pond to the Club House we covered in the next day, a feat which would have seemed impossible on our arrival in the Preserve, but we had become hardened to tramping and the distance seemed too short. Once back at the club house it was only a question of hours before our dress suit cases were packed, our civilization clothes on, and dressed in white collars, stiff shirts and patent leather shoes, we found ourselves rapidly approaching the village of Megantic. If it is ever your good fortune to visit the Megantic Preserve, take the advice of one who knows and don't

spend the night at Megantic. It may be all right in the winter time, but to sleep on a feather bed in the summer time was something that none of us dared to attempt, and it was long after twelve before we finally fell asleep on our resting places of, beds without mattresses, and hard sofas. Our breakfast was a wretched one, and glad we were when the Canadian Pacific Express drew us out of the station and homeward bound.

One by one our party became smaller as we neared Boston, and by the time the train pulled into the Union station there were only six of our party left to represent the lucky thirteen who had visited the Megantic Preserve.

We Are Monarchs of All we Survey. Page 81.

A View of L Pond. Megantic Preserve. Page 80.

CHAPTER XIV.

A Three Hundred Mile Canoe Trip Through Maine and New Brunswick.

IF all guide books told the truth one would be repaid for the trouble of reading them, but unfortunately this is not so, and one must take a canoe trip to find that experience is the best teacher. On this Allagash and St. Johns river trip we had with us a small guide-book which gave correctly the names of ponds and lakes on the map, but the rest was all guess work. In one place it stated that the distance between two places was forty miles and could be paddled in one day. We found it nearly sixty and two days of the hardest kind of paddling, but our book told us to expect a rough trip, and we prepared ourselves accordingly, taking with us really too few articles, for after the third day I was without stockings, or shirt, and my shoes were torn to pieces by the sharp rocks in the river bed. It was my plan to take some fellow with me, but they all excused themselves by saying it was too much like work. Realizing

that I might find myself alone with only a guide to keep me company through the Maine wilderness, it occurred to me three days before starting that my brother might like this trip, so calling on him the next day, I persuaded him to accompany me. It is better to secure all your provisions in Boston, as the prices at Kineo are much higher. We took with us 20 lbs. flour, 17 lbs. Indian meal, 10 lbs. sugar, 3 pkgs. buckwheat flour, 3 lbs. baking powder, 2 lbs. prunes, 1 lb. evap. apples, 2 pkgs. oatmeal, 12 cans beans, 2 lbs. sweet chocolate, 3 doz. shredded wheat, 5 lbs. lard, 2 lbs. hard crackers, 9 lbs. coffee, 6 cans cond. cream, 2 cans chicken, 2 cans beef, 2 bottles ketchup, 2 galls. maple syrup. Then we bought at Kineo 5 lbs. butter, 15 lbs. onions, 4 doz. eggs, 1 bushel potatoes.

The potatoes cost $2.00 a bushel, when we could have bought them in Boston for 75 cents. This supply of food proved too small, for we ate up everything except a little sweet chocolate, some Indian meal and a half dozen onions. This trip being made in closed season we took with us simply a 22 rifle, a 32 pocket rifle and a revolver. These we considered sufficient to strike terror into the heart of the fiercest bear or wild cat that roams the Maine wilderness. It was

decided to go by way of Bangor, and we had arranged weeks ahead for our guide, Potter, to meet us at Greenville Junction with the canoes, but on the arrival of the train there was no guide to greet us, much to our disappointment. It was quite impossible to proceed without the guide, so our baggage was sent to the Moosehead Inn and a search was at once made for the missing Potter, and we found him buying an axe in the drug store. At one of the stations near Bangor we met a friend on his way into the woods, who eagerly accepted our invitation to join us, so securing a canoe and a guide named Bowley, they supplied themselves with the necessary outfit for the expedition, and by eight-thirty the next morning we were steaming across the lake and rapidly approaching N. E. Carry. Moosehead Lake is about forty miles long and situated among high mountains. Storms from the northwest sometimes sweep this lake from end to end, but the morning we crossed there was hardly a ripple, and the blazing sun shone upon its glittering surface with an intense heat. At eleven, N. E. Carry was reached, where we left the steamer with our canoes, which the guides loaded on a truck to be dragged a short distance and then transferred to a wagon.

At the Carry is a small hotel, where we had lunch. Food being scarce in that part of the country the proprietor puts his guests on ration diet; but we did justice to everything on the verbal menu, and when the last course was reached we heard the wagon rumbling heavily over the rough Carry on its way to the Penobscot (Rocky River), some two miles distant.

Lunch over we shouldered the remaining baggage and started along on foot after the wagon. The road was at first open, but it soon buried itself in the dense woods, and I beagn to feel exhilarated by the sight and smell of the fir and spruce trees that surrounded us on all sides. The carry was not long, but the excessive heat made walking uncomfortable, and we were glad when the Penobscot River was sighted in the distance. Our canoes had been left at the river, and we soon had them floating, impatient to be off, but our guides were behind us, possibly some half mile, and we waited for them to superintend the loading of the canoes. It was decided that our guide should go alone in his canoe with part of our luggage. The other guide took our friend in his canoe, while my brother and I went in the third canoe, and in single file we pushed out into the stream. What

had fate in store for us before half of the journey was over? Time alone could tell. It was hot on the river that afternoon. The sun shone fiercely upon us, and we shed our jackets and shirts until the bare skin was reached. About two miles below North East Carry, Lobster Stream enters on the right. It was a familiar place to me, having made a camping expedition in '94 to Lobster Lake. It was decided not to visit the lake, so we paddled rapidly by through the comparatively dead water. Below Lobster Lake the river expanded to about thirty rods, and many fresh deer tracks were seen, some of them long slashes, where they had slid on the steep, clayey bank. About five miles of paddling and we reached the "Moosehorn dead water," named from a stream which enters there, and if the river had been high when we reached the falls our journey might have ended differently. The guide was ahead when the first quick water was reached. I saw him pick out the channel and then his canoe, catching the force of the rapids, shot ahead and I was left to find my way alone. All went well until the fatal "Fox Hole" was reached, and then the unexpected happened. I was standing in the stern at the time, using the 10-foot pole to keep the

canoe in the channel, when suddenly above the roar of the falls I heard my brother in the bow shout, "There's a rock dead ahead," and quickly jabbing my pole forward into the roaring water, I tried to snub the canoe up short, but instead of breaking into pieces, as I expected, it slid up high and dry and commenced to roll over. In a critical moment one's mind thinks quickly, for in about two seconds I had jumped overboard, and with all the strength I could command pulled the canoe off and fell in again as it went over the falls. Our canoe was uninjured, but the guide ran his canoe on a rock and punched a hole through the bottom; this was repaired with white lead and a bit of canvas. As we sped along we startled large numbers of Kingfishers, which flew screaming around us. The Indians call them "Skuscumousuck." They made the shores echo with their loud cries. Our plan was to camp that night as near Chesuncook Lake as possible, but near Ragmuff Stream (pay tay week took), the guides decided we had better stop at Joe Smith's camp. This was not to our liking, but as time would be saved in the morning, it was decided to do so. The proprietor offered us one small and decidedly hot room, which I refused to accept. What is the fun in going into

Lunch on the Umbazookskus Stream. Page 90.

the woods and putting up in a small, stuffy house, hotter than a tenement in a city? I can't see any sense in it, but the guides did, for while we slept on our sweet smelling bed of fir boughs in a tent outside, they preferred the feather bed and a hot house! We awoke the next day at the early hour of five o'clock and found it misting. As we had a long day's journey ahead of us we quickly hurried through breakfast, and by the time we had finished the guides had our canoes loaded and ready to be off. It was a dark day, and the heavy mist soon turned into a pouring rain, wetting us to the skin. Some twelve miles below Joe Smith's we reached Pine Stream (Mkazaooktook), flowing in on the left. One can go by this route to Caribou Lake, and a wilder trip it is hard to find. A series of falls called "Rocky Rips," at Pine Stream, were run easily with a paddle. Here the weather cleared up a bit and we had our first sight of Mt. Katahdin rising sharp and defined to the very tops of the clouds. I noticed after leaving Pine Stream some fine specimens of White Pines along the shore. These trees are nearly extinct in Maine, having been cut out by the lumbermen; they call them Kouchas trees, which I think is an Indian name.

Below Pine Stream the river broadened and the spruce trees gave way to a thick growth of birch and alders, but these soon thinned out, and the low river banks, covered with long, waiving grass, told us that Chesuncook Lake was near, and rounding a point of land at the mouth, the broad expanse of this beautiful lake spread out before us.

Crossing the upper end of the lake over a sand bar, we proceeded a short distance up the Umbazookskus Stream before a suitable landing place was discovered some half mile below the Camcongomoc Stream. "Umbazookskus" means "much meadow river." We found it meadowy enough, and for six miles dead water. It is a rare place for moose and deer, which come to feed in the meadows overgrown with sedges, blue flag and wool grass, some three feet high. This stream is called the most crooked in Maine, and I believe it, for the guides' canoe, some fifteen feet ahead, would often disappear out of sight, when suddenly a canoe would be seen approaching us with only a tuft of grass to intervene, and looking closer we would find it was our guide. Six miles of snake like turnings and the stream contracted to a mere brook, narrow and swift, so resorting to the poles we pushed our canoes about a mile further to

the Carry, where we landed to unload the canoes. Here our party separated, one of us taking the trail to a log hut some three miles distant to obtain a sledge to tote our baggage to Mud Pond, while the rest of us were dragging the canoes four miles up to Umbazookskus Lake. It is still a question whether it is harder to cross Mud Pond Carry on foot, or drag a canoe up the Umbazookskus. It was my fate to do the latter, and it certainly was not easy, but the tale our friend told when next we saw him would do credit to La Salle or De Soto. The trail at first was solid ground and easy walking, but soon he found himself surrounded by a dismal swamp, and every footstep plunged him deeper in the mud and water. The trail was quickly lost and he blindly followed every parting of the sedge or bushes.

How long he would have wandered in this labyrinth it is impossible to tell, but fate was kind to him and he was rescued merely by a chance, for after having wandered for about an hour, he came upon a sign nailed to a tree, obliterated, it is true, but showing that the trail had two directions. Which one should he take? A toss of a penny would have told him. Hesitating for a moment he took the left hand turning, and continuing on for nearly an hour

he was about to retrace his steps, when an opening was seen in the forest, and breaking through the dense undergrowth, came upon a house, which proved to be the right one. He said the Carry was beyond description, but if you wish to see a sample of it, take one-half Mud Pond and saturate it thoroughly with three parts each of Umbazooskus Stream and Apmoojenegamook Lake, then drive a lot of muskrats through to do the fencing.

While our friend was wading through the forest, we were pushing and dragging the canoes up the brook. It is said that steamers out West run on dew. Our canoes ran on the perspiration that streamed off our faces. But in spite of the violent exercise and the fact we were stuck once or twice, we enjoyed ourselves. It was all up-hill work, as we were on West Branch water flowing out of Umbazookskus Lake, which is on the boundary line claimed by Great Britain as the northeastern boundary of the United States settled by the Ashburton treaty. This was the "highlands" dividing the waters of the Penobscot from those of the St. Johns, as well as the St. Lawrence rivers. By four-thirty Umbazookskus Lake was reached. Although a beautiful lake in sunshine, the storm which had descended again gave

to it a wild and desolate appearance. Black clouds were rolling over the mountains, driving the waves before them in angry billows. The entrance was over a sand bar, reaching far out into the lake, and the roar of the surf reached us long before the lake came in sight. I was in doubt whether it would be safe to cross in such a sea, but we were ready for all dangers, and wading out beyond the breakers, we jumped into the canoes, and after a short but exceedingly hard paddle, arrived on the other side, soaking wet and chilled through. Joining our friend at the camp, we had a three hours' wait for the sledge, so it was nearly nine o'clock before Mud Pond was reached, a distance of only about three miles. We were tired and exceedingly hungry, not having eaten since eleven-thirty; so, after paying the driver $5.00 each for the canoes and getting our luggage together, we pitched camp at once, instead of crossing the pond to the regular camping place. It was very cold in camp that night, and we built a large, roaring fire in front of the camp. It is surprising with what impunity one can sleep on a hard bed of fir boughs, not caring for the cold night air. I lay awake awhile watching the sparks fly upward in endless crowds. They looked like serpents flying into

the darkness. The guides called us the next day at five-thirty. A heavy fog hung over land and water. Everything that had been left outside the tents were soaked through as if it had been raining.

We were pretty hungry at breakfast and regretted not having some trout; but a large supply of oatmeal, bacon, corn bread, buckwheat cakes, fried potatoes and coffee satisfied our hunger, and we felt much refreshed after our night's rest. It took some time to get the kitchen articles sorted out after the mix-up on the Carry, so it was eight o'clock before we dipped our paddles in the waters of Mud Pond, which was now plainly visible, the rising sun having burnt off the mist. Near the centre of the pond is a small island which is rarely, if ever, without two or three deer, or a moose feeding on the pads which grow near its shores, and as we had seen only 26 deer and no moose since leaving N. E. Carry, we eagerly scanned its shores, and were not disappointed, for within a few rods was a large cow moose feeding on the pads. Steering towards shore so as to head her off, we paddled for all we were worth to within about fifty feet, when she stopped feeding and looked at us, turned slowly around and started on the jump for the shore,

splashing the water about like a cyclone, and in two minutes disappeared into the woods. It was quite difficult crossing Mud Pond, owing to the shallow water and the thick growth of cow pads and rushes that were everywhere. The outlet is another small brook flowing through a sluice-way dam, and we found it slow and difficult work pushing the canoes down stream, owing to the extremely low water, but two hours of wading and dragging brought us to Chamberlin Lake, where we headed our canoe for the Allagash. Chamberlin Lake is eighteen miles long and narrow, making a perfect funnel for the wind, which blows almost continually over it, but the day we crossed only a light breeze ruffled its surface and that favored us. Not being familiar with Chamberlin, my brother and I, who were ahead, skirted along the left shore for about nine miles, then examining the map, found the outlet about half way down on the right hand shore, and as it was impossible to see any outlet from where we were, we paddled directly across, in spite of the high waves which were now rising. It is remarkable how difficult these outlets are to discover. There is nothing to show you the way, but at some hidden point the lake trickles out through the unbroken forest as it

would through a sponge. Reaching the dam, we waited an hour for the guides, passing the time in carrying the canoes on our shoulders to deep water below the dam. There are two dams at Chamberlin, about five hundred yards apart, and the pitch of the river between them is quite steep, making the water exceedingly swift and it was also much deeper, so that at times it was impossible to find the bottom with the ten-foot pole.

The second dam was an easy carry, and taking the canoes to dead water below, we once more sped on and soon reached Eagle Lake, three miles below. It was then two o'clock and we had not eaten since six in the morning, so an hour's stop was made on a beautiful sand beach at the left of the inlet; there we had a good swim and a hearty meal, which much refreshed us. We had now acquired the right swing to get the full force of our stroke, and paddling 36 strokes to the minute, our canoes forged rapidly across Eagle Lake. Some people think Eagle the most beautiful of these chain of lakes, and it is really hard to choose, but I prefer Umsaskis Lake, as it is much wilder and entirely shut in by mountains. Nothing unusual occurred during our trip across Eagle; one or two buck were seen swimming

Our Camp on the Penobscot River. Page 94.

to an island, but they were a long ways off. A stop was made at Soper Brook for a supply of cold water; this was near the outlet, and after passing Russell Brook on the left, we reached Round Pond number one, sometimes known as the "Thoroughfare," which is a famous place for moose and deer. We counted forty-five deer and nine moose in passing through the Thoroughfare, and we paddled within twenty-five feet of two moose in the water, a cow and bull. They looked like frightened rabbits with their long ears and half inquisitive looks. True denizens of the forest, wild and grotesque they looked standing in the water and gazing stupidly at us until realizing there might be trouble around they made for the shore with a tremendous splashing of water. We reached Churchill Lake by five, and the guides knowing of a good camping ground on the left, we at once landed there on the pebbly beach and the canoes were unloaded. The camp-ground was in the midst of white birch trees on a little rise of land back from the shore about a hundred yards. Framework had been erected by other campers for two tents and a kitchen, so it was easy work pitching our tents, and in a short time our supper was sizzling over a hot fire. We were pretty well tired out that night, and

turned in immediately after supper. The next day we slept until nine o'clock, and when we awoke found it raining, so it was decided to spend the day in camp, sleeping and resting. In the afternoon the guide and I went fishing up Thoroughfare Brook about fifteen miles. In one place the brook was strewn with green alder trees, cut into long lengths by beavers and completely stripped of their bark. It was wet work fishing in the rain, and I was glad to return to camp and dry off before a cheerful camp fire. During the night our friend was taken sick with a bad attack of indigestion, caused by eating too much fried bacon and raw onions, and there was doubt about his being able to continue on, but the storm had left us during the night and the rising sun gave him new courage, and we decided to break camp, going as far as Umsaskis Lake and camp there. A strong west wind blew us rapidly across Churchill, and we soon reached the outlet, which was wide at first, but quickly narrowed itself to a river. Two miles down stream we reached "Chase's Carry." The canoes were not unloaded, but the guides ran them over the falls while we walked around, three miles below to a large pool. It was our first long walk since leaving Mud Pond.

On the way we discovered specimens of Red Osier (Cormus Stolomfera), whose bark was once used by Indians for tobacco. As we ate our hurried lunch we could hear the roar of the first falls, and I felt that a hard run was ahead of us; in fact, it proved the hardest of the trip. The incline of the river-bed was at a sharp angle, and the water rushed with great force over the large rocks that were everywhere. It was often necessary to turn the canoe at right angles to the river to follow the channel, and it took all one's strength to keep the canoe from being driven on the rocks. We chased a flock of ducks down the river, meeting them at every bend; they rushed over the top of the water like a whirlwind, either up or down stream and in the most violent rapids. At five we entered Umsaskis Lake in the teeth of a gale, but our camp was only a short distance away, and it was soon reached. A log cabin built by some sportsmen awaited our coming. Silent and alone it stands buried among the fir and spruce trees, of which every decaying particle of itself was once a member. Pulling the canoes up on the beach away from the waves, we took possession. It seemed like being rescued from a desert island to see this camp. Here were bunks, a chair,

L. of C.

a table and a stove! Outside grew delicious raspberries, which were added to our menu.

After supper the guide suggested chasing moose. It was a still night and one most suited for the purpose. The full moon was rising from behind a mountain, and its mellow rays lit up the water with a dim lustre. The lofty tops of spruce trees were outlined against the sky like the spires of a city, and the beauty of the scene as the moon rose over the forest is impossible to describe. Silently we slipped through the water, the guide in the bow, I in the stern. All was still around us, then from far over the lake came the voice of a loon, loud and distinct, a wild, weird sound like the despairing cry of some departed spirit; singularly human it sounded as it came across the water, hoo-hoo-o-o-o-o. We then headed towards a mud "logan," passed in the afternoon, and Potter, raising a birch-bark horn to his mouth, imitated the call of a moose. A wooing love note it was, ugh ugh oo-o-o-o-o ugh. Again he called, and far away in the darkness came an answer, ugh, ugh. "It's a bull all right," whispered Potter, and we had just reached the shadow of the trees on the shore, when we heard a heavy tramp and then a splash, followed by a bellow, which told us we were

discovered, for the bull moose, which we could now see in the moonlight, enraged at being fooled, was making for the canoe at full speed. It was too dark to fire with any chance of success, and Potter, realizing we were in a tight spot, hollered to turn round in our seats and paddle for our lives. How we ever got out of that mud I don't know. I simply remember jabbing my paddle nearly full length into the mud at every stroke, but Potter's great strength got us out into deep water again and the moose, finding swimming harder than walking, turned and made for the shore, which he soon reached and disappeared into the forest. A start was made the next day by nine, and with regrets we left our log camp. It was calm at first, but in the centre of the lake we found quite a sea running; our canoe seemed like an egg shell. Quite a few deer were seen in crossing; we counted eight at one time together. Reaching Long Lake, which is really part of Umsaskis, I had the good fortune to photograph an albino deer. It was pure white, with the exception of a few brown spots on the neck. Passing Chemquasabamticook Stream we stopped for lunch, some six miles beyond at the entrance to the Allagash. The river was now too swift and rocky to use a paddle, so laying them

aside we used the poles, working our way over eighteen or more rapids, until four o'clock, when we stopped to camp. The camp site was not the driest, and for the first time we were attacked by the curse of Maine, black flies and minges (no-see-em). I used a fly lotion, brought with us, which kept them from us at a distance of about two feet, and we could see them flying around our heads in a perfect cloud. We ate a hearty meal that night, and I found it almost impossible to get to sleep. I lay awake listening to the murmur of the water as it tumbled over the rocks. Occasionally a night hawk would startle the silent woods with its sharp cry, then from far off in the lonely forest came the hoo-hoo of an owl. Once I heard a tree fall crashing in the forest, started either by decay or by some animal rubbing against it. A pattering of feet on the leaves outside the tent and a rattling of tins at the fireplace aroused me to wakefulness, but it was only a hedgehog searching for scraps of food, and I rolled over and went to sleep. The next morning we ate breakfast sitting on a stump, around a piece of birch bark for a table, each holding a dipper in one hand and a piece of fried pork in the other, making a pass to eat and then thrusting our heads into the smoke to

avoid the mosquitoes. Our stock of provisions were rapidly diminishing to ration diet, and a supply must be obtained. Our matches had been lost on some carry, and we became dependent upon a few I had in my hunting jacket. We left "Mosquito camp" by eight and arrived at Round Pond in thirty minutes. This was the last pond to cross, and we paddled slowly over it, wondering at the dense growth of trees reaching to the very water's edge. Passing Schedule Brook near the outlet, we entered the Allagash again, and paddling six miles further. reached Musquacook Stream, which flows out of the five Musquacook Lakes. Stopping to fish, we had no sooner cast our flies when along came a canoe with two savage looking French Canadians paddling. Asking about the fishing, they said it was better below at Five Finger brook. So, taking their advice, we hurried on, but the guides said we were "easy" and that they had a dead moose in the woods and wanted to steer us off; but we caught the fish and the guides cooked them. Below Five Finger we reached three houses, and the guides called a halt. Their idea seemed to be when we came anywhere near a house to go to it; but our idea was to keep away—that's what we came into the woods for.

But provisions must be obtained, and a fine looking lot of tramps we were as we approached the house, barefoot, unshaved, hatless, shirtless and our trousers torn, but we were received with open arms and invited into a feast of raspberries and cream. We ate all they had, and then obtaining the much-needed provisions, paddled on again as far as Allagash Falls, where we stopped to camp. We visited the falls after supper, and a grand sight it was to see the water tearing itself into foam over the rocks. A boom of logs had jammed in at the top, waiting for lumbermen to break it in the spring. About midnight a storm burst upon us, the wind blew a gale, threatening to upset the tent. Morning came at last, with the storm still raging. Everything was soaked through, but a damp breakfast over a sputtering fire braced us up, and after eight hard trips carrying the baggage and canoes around the falls, we embarked again.

It was our intention to camp that night below the junction of the St. Johns river, so we pushed doggedly ahead, and eight miles or more brought us to the junction of the two rivers. A brook enters there, called Nigger Brook, making a series of difficult rapids to navigate. The river unexpectedly

Camp At Big North West Pond, Megantic Preserve. Page 69.

makes a sharp turn, and you suddenly find the canoe running sideways to the river, but by paddling hard you can reach the channel and shoot the falls, which drop nearly three feet. The guide was ahead, and, looking back, he said our canoe went almost out of sight in the spray as we ran the falls. We shipped about three gallons of water, wetting everything in the canoe. About four we reached St. Frances plantation, a collection of a few scattered houses. We camped below the houses, on the side of the hill, but found it a cold, damp place and heavy with mist. I awoke in the night with a headache and chills, and in the morning was much worse. The guide placed me in his canoe and we pushed on toward Connors, the first town reached and the extreme end of the Canadian Pacific R. R. At Connors we landed and got our mail, and received our first news from home. We lunched beyond Connors, but I was unable to eat. I had evidently contracted an attack of malaria.

Signs of civilization were seen on every side, houses, churches and saw mills. The river was filled with floating saw dust and pieces of logs, making it unfit for drink or for any kind of fish to live in. Fort Kent was reached by sundown, and they removed me to the hotel, the others camping on the

river bank. A good night's rest and a square breakfast brought me around all right, and after examining the historic Block House, we said "good-bye" to Fort Kent and started for Edmundston, our next stopping place. Passing Baker Brook we reached Frenchville, a small settlement, where we purchased some eggs at twelve cents a dozen, also some bread and butter. We covered the thirty-five miles between Fort Kent and Edmundston by four o'clock, and landing the canoes below the Madawaska River, prepared to make ourselves comfortable for the night at the Queen's hotel. The night's rest refreshed us, and by eight the next morning we were on the river, headed for Van Buren, our final stopping place.

The sun came out hot, and as this was our last day, we did not hurry. The river was now broad and sluggish with few rapids. Five or six booms of logs were passed, completely blocking the river. These we had to carry over, and it was difficult and dangerous work. We had to climb out on the rolling logs and drag the canoes over. If a misstep had been made and we had slid off, the suction of the river would have quickly carried us under the logs. Our trip was now nearing an end, and watching at every turn of the river, I was soon rewarded with

the sight of the spires and houses of Van Buren, and we knew that our hardships were over. At Van Buren we bade "good-bye" to our faithful guides, who took the train for Norcross, while we left the next day for Frederickton, and then by boat to St. Johns and home by rail, where we arrived safe and sound and anxious again to take up the cares of business life.

CHAPTER XV.

Explorations on the Great Lakes.

NO body of water on the American continent possesses a greater variety of scenery and changing characteristics than the big Georgian Bay at the northern part of Lake Huron. For ten years, the Canadian Government has had men exploring this almost unknown region, issuing charts of the thirty thousand islands that dot the waters.

These charts were our only guide on the trip which I am about to describe. My friend's father is the owner of two islands in the Georgian Bay, ten miles out from Parry Sound, and this was to be our starting point.

The journey by rail to Parry Sound becomes of interest when Niagara Falls is reached and the steamer is taken for Toronto; then the three hours' trip across the lake gives one an idea of the vast size of these bodies of fresh water. The country north of Toronto is uninteresting—a few farms, with

acres of dry land covered with rocks and burnt tree stumps. The Parry Sound steamer was taken at Penetanguishene, but we made slow progress against a fierce gale that was blowing from a perfectly cloudless sky. A short time before my arrival a valuable discovery of copper was made near the Sound, and it proved to be a rich one. The effect on the people (including the Indians) was electrical! and everyone was rushing to Parry Sound to stake off claims. We stopped at Sans Souci, where a few passengers left; this is a famous fishing resort and huge strings of bass, pike and maskinonge were displayed to us by several sportsmen. Rose Point was reached by seven o'clock; then the scattered lights along the shore told us Parry Sound was near, and rounding a point the steamer drew up to the dock, where I was received by my friend George with his steam launch. It was nine o'clock and pitch dark before we started for Spectacle Island. Although calm in the harbor, we found it dangerous work to brave the sea that was running outside; whenever a large wave struck us the engine would be stopped and the staunch little boat would ride safely over with its screw sticking out in the air. I was on the stern at the time, watching the receding waves disappear

in the darkness, when suddenly the launch dove in the hollow of an enormous wave, the outline of the shore disappeared, an explosion was heard and the engine stopped. It was impossible at first to tell what had happened, but above the roar of the wind I heard George call out to the engineer to take the wheel, and, upon examining the engine, found the packing of the cylinder had blown out. My friend, being a born mechanic, undertook on that dark and windy night the difficult task of removing the cylinder and putting it back again, with the aid of only a monkey wrench and a jack knife. The damage repaired, we continued on again and soon arrived at Spectacle Island without other mishaps. The next few days were spent in camp preparing for our expedition to Sault Ste. Marie. Camping articles were packed on both the schooner, yacht and the steam launch, our plan being to proceed one hundred miles up the lake, leave our party in camp, while George, the engineer and I continued on to the "Soo," some three hundred miles further. The starting day was a glorious one, the wind blew clear and cold from a cloudless sky brilliant with sunshine. Our speed was about six miles an hour, which dropped to four as the wind freshened; an inside course was then

taken, and we soon reached Snug Harbor. Here one solitary lighthouse breaks the wildness of the landscape.

Five hours of steaming from Snug Harbor brought us to the desired location, and sighting a large and beautiful island, we selected it for our camping-place. The remainder of the afternoon was spent in pitching our five tents which were tied to trees for support in windy weather. The first week we remained in camp visiting the surrounding islands. It took us two hours to paddle round our island, which was a solid mass of granite rock, flat in places, almost as a billiard table. A few scrubby Norway pines, with limbs all on one side, were growing on the lee shore. The fishing almost anywhere was extraordinary—one could throw out a troll and catch a four or five pound bass; in a few minutes I captured several maskinonge, one weighing as much as eighteen pounds. Our first visitor in camp was an Indian. He appeared before us while we were at supper, wild looking but harmless, a descendant of the once mighty tribe of Chippewas. He came to beg a crust of bread, anything we would give him, was always hungry, and refused nothing. Placing

food before him, he devoured every crumb, and then arose and silently departed in the darkness.

The third day in camp was one most suited for a visit to the Limestone Islands some distance out in the Georgian Bay, so taking the launch we started for these wild and unexplored islands. To reach the open bay from camp was not an easy matter; shoals and reefs of granite rock were showing out of water everywhere. North Limestone Island was at first below the horizon, but soon an umbrella-shaped tree came into view, and then the island (which is only twelve feet high) appeared in the distance. Some few yards from shore we reached the Midland Bank, a reef covered by twelve feet of water, and slowing the engine, we awoke the echoes from the island by blowing a whistle blast, and instantly from the shore, which looked like a bank of snow, rose a cloud of sea gulls, screaming around us. Anchoring fifty yards away, we jumped into the skiff and landed on a shelving bank of stones piled ten feet high by the waves. We began exploring, at once examining with great interest the geological formation of the island, which was composed of Leda clay, gray in color and slightly calcerous, containing millions of fossil remains of animals, birds, insects,

Down The Allagash River. Page 96.

Why Won't The Fire Burn? Churchill Lake Camp. Page 97.

flowers and shells, which belonged to the period when this region was submerged beneath the ocean. The huge boulder formation and their overlying fossiliferous beds prove that this island underwent in the later tertiary period a great and gradual depression. and then an equally gradual elevation. It was a wonderful sight to see, these fossil remains everywhere around us, hundreds and thousands of years old. We collected beautiful specimens of gastropod shells, and in one place was discovered the petrified remains of a jaw about three feet long, of some animal; this we tried to dig out complete, but found it impossible to chip off more than small bits from the flint-like rock in which it was embedded. Making a circuit to the other side of the island we faced the open bay, along which the shore extended for a hundred yards, a perfectly flat mass of fossilized clay. The sun was baking hot, and we went in swimming for an hour, after which we started to cross the centre of the island, and upon reaching the highest elevation on which grew the one solitary tree, we discovered a mound of earth some two hundred yards long, at the base of which a depression in the ground, overgrown with bushes, led us to believe these were the breastworks thrown up by the Huron Indians

during their fierce wars, and we began to search for any relics left by the departed Indians. We blew out several cartloads of dirt and rocks with dynamite, but nothing was found until I happened to discover on a mound of earth an odd shaped pile of rocks, and after digging down we dug out a lot of human bones, for we had run across the grave of a human being buried possibly a hundred years ago. The only relic found in the grave was a piece of flint used on muskets of very ancient design, which led us to believe this might be the grave of some French explorer. We had yet to visit the South Limestone Island, and the engineer offered to row me across. Glad of the chance to fish, I selected a large troll and reeled off some fifty feet. For nearly a hundred yards huge granite rocks rose out of the lake, making islands of all sizes, some just awash, and others three feet high, upon which were perched scores of white sea gulls standing on one leg looking at us with their sharp, black eyes. The oars soon brought us to the island, and rowing near shore I felt a strong jerk on the line. Stopping the boat, I reeled in, and was much surprised to land a fifteen-pound salmon trout.

South Limestone is uninteresting, being small and with very little vegetation; it is an exceedingly dirty

island and as hot as a furnace, making a huge breeding place for sea gulls. One could walk hardly ten feet without stepping on a nest or on a young bird. The old birds were much bolder here, and we drove them away with sticks and stones. Nothing of interest was discovered, and we were glad to leave "Gull Island" and head our launch homeward, where we arrived safely by sundown. The day following we went prospecting for copper. We had been working up to this mining expedition for some time, and it was decided to make a two days' trip of it. We took along with us sledge hammers, crowbars, picks, steel drills, a forge furnace and a box of dynamite cartridges large enough to blow a war ship to atoms. Leaving camp by seven in the morning, we headed norward, steaming through innumerable channels and around countless islands. We examined with a telescope the rocky shore for signs of copper stain until about noon, when a smoke, rising in the distance, aroused our curiosity, and heading towards it rounded a point of land and ran right into an Indian camp. Drawing up to the beach we created a panic by blowing a whistle blast. The Indians who were running along the shore came to a halt and stood in a row staring at us with great

astonishment. George told them by signs that we were looking for copper, and one of the "braves" understanding matters entered his wigwam and returned with a large rock, which we saw contained fine specimens of copper. We asked what they would charge for informing us where they obtained it, to which they replied, "sixty dollar." Asking how far away it was, they pointed north, and said, "three a mile." That was enough information, so waiving "good-bye" we steamed away, leaving them standing on the beach. The islands now became more mountainous, rocky, and overgrown with fine trees, and George soon pointed out a place to land. Running the launch up to shore we threw out our mining tools and began at once to search for copper. I felt a feverish excitement that was full of certainty, as we crawled along the ground examining bits of stone, blowing off the dust and polishing them on our clothes. Among bushes and over rocks we scrambled, until at last we halted under the projecting edge of a towering cliff, and George cracked off a piece of rock which he examined with a small eye-glass, then holding it out, exclaimed, "This is quartz, and through it runs a streak of blue which is peacock copper. It is here we must blast."

One of us returned to the launch for drills while a claim was staked off. The engineer held the drill while we took turns at the hammer. It was slow work, and night overtook us when we had driven down about a foot. Next morning found us at it again, and after three hours of the hardest kind of back-breaking work, the drill had sunk three feet. The water was then pumped out of the hole and we dropped in a dynamite cartridge, leaving a fuse that would burn fifteen minutes. Lighting this we rushed wildly down the bank, and jumping into the skiff, rowed out from the shore. A pale smoke was seen rising upwards, then a rumbling, followed by a tremendous roar, and a cloud of dirt, rocks and trees flew into the sky. Quickly we returned to the scene of the explosion. A cave had been blown out of the rock, but after searching every crack and crevice we found—absolutely nothing but a lot of granite rubbish and glittering mica that wasn't worth ten cents an acre. So vanished our dream, so melted our wealth away. Collecting our tools we returned to the launch. It was a depressing blow, but we had hopes for the future. Before starting for Sault Ste. Marie we visited the "Black Bills," a group of islands hated by every pilot on the Great

Lakes. These islands are, strictly speaking, bare rocks situated nearly three miles from Look-out Island, Point aux Baril. No launch could hope to reach these rocks, so taking the largest skiff we started early on a calm day when the lake was without a ripple. We steered by compass, and a heavy swell tossed us about as we left the mainland. We were much surprised at about a mile from shore to see the bottom. George said we were over the Midland Bank, one of the most dangerous shoals known in the Georgian Bay. The Black Bills cover about half a square mile and are surrounded on all sides by shoal water. The large rocks are named, the most important being Lindsay and Meaford rock. We landed on South East rock, which is about twelve feet high, and is a solid mass of granite without a sign of vegetation. It was another resting place for sea gulls. An old bateau lay wrecked upon the summit, quite in keeping with such a wild and desolate spot. After examining the various rocks we returned to camp, arriving there about six o'clock.

The weather had been exceptionally fine during the first week in camp, but the day following our visit to the Black Bills Islands a change came. The sun set that night in a fiery red sky, not a breath of

Falls on the Allagash River. Page 99.

air stirred the surface of the mighty lake, which reflected the declining sun with a lurid glare. The stillness was oppressive; all nature seemed awaiting the coming storm which descended about midnight. The rain and wind was terrific, a perfect flood which soaked everything. I thought a dozen times the tent would blow out into the lake, but the stakes held firm. The storm did not abate with the rising sun, and we spent the day in preparing for our journey to the "Soo." Provisions enough to last two weeks were stored in the launch, with guns, cameras, fishing tackle, maps, mining tools, and everything that would be needed. The engine was overhauled, and last of all we stored away two cords of hard wood, sufficient to run us about eighty miles, when a fresh supply would be obtained from some island. The first day's run was fifty miles to Alexander Inlet, the launch travelled about eight knots an hour, and George, who was the pilot, found his way among the islands from the charts which he had before him. We took an inside course as the launch carried only a few feet of water, and soon reached Point aux Baril. Here three fishermen's huts and two lighthouses stand out boldly against the dark green of the surrounding forest. Some fishing schooners

were putting out as we entered by the inside channel, and they warned us not to risk ourselves in the heavy swell outside, but we had confidence in the launch and feared nothing. The channel to the open bay is most difficult to navigate, but a series of range lights help the mariner to run the gauntlet of dangerous shoals which extend nearly a mile from the shore. The entrance is sheltered by Lookout Island, and taking the western channel we quickly encountered a heavy swell, and George signalled for half-speed. After passing the mouth of Naishcotyang River, we reached the entrance to Alexander Inlet. Without the aid of anchored buoys a stranger could never discover the channel, which lies between two clusters of rocks called The Sisters and The Brothers. These shoals were breaking heavily as we passed safely between them, only to run aground on Harbor Reef covered by a foot of water. The engine was reversed, but this failed to drag the launch off, and it was only by carrying the anchor ahead and pulling with all our might that we were finally freed. The inlet was a perfect shelter, and anchoring near shore I went bass fishing while supper was being prepared. Next day we left at an early hour, coasting along the shore between the mainland and

Indian Island. The Shawanaga River was passed by ten o'clock, and we reached the Bustard Islands, where a stop was made for lunch. These islands are located a mile south of French River; they are a cluster of rocks both above and below water, of every shape and description. They are composed of gneiss with occasional veins of hornblendic character, indicating larger hidden masses containing magnetite. This accounts for the abnormal variation of the compass, one-quarter point westerly, as we discovered later. A lighthouse adorns the Bustard Rocks, giving a civilized appearance to a most desolate group of rocks. The wind came up by afternoon, and we encountered quite a sea after leaving the Bustards. The engineer said we had sufficient fuel to run as far as Killarney Harbor, but the increasing gale delayed our progress, and by four o'clock we were a long ways off from Killarney and our wood nearly gone. Examining the chart we found the nearest island to be Green Island, about three miles distant; this we at once headed for, as night was approaching and it began to rain. One by one the sticks of wood were piled in, and just as we threw in our last stick the island came into view. Green Island is named from its dense growth of fir trees.

It is composed of lime stone, and is ten or fifteen feet high and diamond-shaped, pointing directly out towards the open bay, so that the waves which were rolling in, divided at the exposed shore and met again on the lee shore, making it impossible for the launch to approach, but we made the shore in a skiff, which was washed up on the beach by a huge breaker. Like shipwrecked mariners we searched everywhere for a stick of dry wood, but without success, until we finally found a drift log, which the engineer cut into suitable lengths for the boiler. We now steered by compass. The rain made it impossible to see land at any point; we might as well have been blindfolded, as we soon lost our location on the chart, and the noise of breakers ahead warned us that we were running ashore. A shift one-quarter point easterly was made, which proved to be the right direction, for a beacon light came into view and we steered into Killarney Harbor. We did not land that night. An excited crowd of rough looking French Canadians gathered on the wharf near by to watch us, but our guns were left in sight to keep away visitors. Next morning we started early. The Grand Manitoulin Island protected us on the south, and heavy seas would not be encountered until passing the Clapper-

ton Islands. The scenery changed considerably and many mountains were seen in the distance, prominent among them being La Cloche. If one refers to a map of this region, he will see that the mainland is cut up into hundreds of bays of all sizes, which are filled with many large and small islands; parts of these bays we passed over, one particularly beautiful bay is called "Frazier"; this is one of the finest sheets of water I have ever seen, but it is seldom visited by anyone. We travelled rapidly in and out among the islands, sometimes crossing large stretches of water, then diving in a narrow passageway through the very heart of some island. There were no blind alleys in this labyrinth; we could always find a way out. We passed in the afternoon a party of Indians in an old sailboat steered by a squaw and smoking a clay pipe. By five we stopped to camp, and from the launch I shot a large Canadian Bald Head Eagle as it was soaring over our heads. It was a beautiful bird and measured six feet three inches from wing to wing. The following day was calm and without any wind. Our course lay about a mile from shore through the Whalesback channel, named from a large rock fifty feet high, resembling the body of a whale. The rock was partly covered

with sailors' names in large letters, some in French, others in Norwegian, but how they ever climbed the sides of the rock is hard to say. Whaleback rock is about nine miles from Algoma Mills, which was reached by noon. We did not stop, but steamed on to Thessalon, a small village of about a thousand, where we landed to mail a letter. Nothing of interest was found and we proceeded on to Serpent Island, where we camped for the night. Our run had been an exceptionally long one, the distance being over one hundred miles from the Clapperton Islands. We anchored in a beautiful cove. The island is small, being only one-quarter mile long, and we found shelter on the lee shore. We could hear the surf pounding on the other side. George feared the wind would change during the night and blow up a storm, and he was right, for we were awakened about midnight by the rolling of the launch and the howling of the wind. The launch had swung around and was drifting away from the island, and it was necessary to cast another anchor, which held firm, and it rode out safely the gale which blew all night. We cooked breakfast on a beautiful sand beach on the island, building a large fire, over which was broiled an eight-pound pike captured on a troll.

Leaving by eight, we headed in the direction of Bruce Mines, a small village named from its copper mines; this place was passed by eleven, and we entered the St. Mary's river. Here George hesitated which course to take, as our charts included only as far as St. Joseph Island, but we decided on the easterly side of Sugar Island. The river current was now against us and our speed slackened. We chased a flock of ducks, running them down easily, and from the bow I shot two with the greatest ease. George steered by them as they floated on the top of the water, and the engineer, reaching over the side, pulled them in without stopping our speed. Some five miles up stream we passed three lighthouses, marking the channel for the many barges, schooners and whalebacks which were passing up and down on their way through the lakes. Our supply of wood was again low, and it was decided to run into a little cove and anchor near a house. A small wharf extended out from shore on which was piled cords of wood for the use of tugs, and as this was our chance to obtain some hard wood, George blew a loud whistle and aroused the owner to life. He was very glad to sell his wood, and we paid him 50 cents a cord for it, which was the cheapest wood I ever saw.

Next day we bade "good-bye" to our friends and headed up stream. We were nearing the "Soo" and the river became more rapid. Many fleets of grain whalebacks were passed; one string was composed of eight, led by a single tug. By two in the afternoon we reached the "Soo"; on the left rose the smoke of a mighty city. Tall buildings and towering chimneys ascended into the sky, and in the foreground could be seen a string of boats nearly a mile long waiting their turn to pass the locks of the canal. This was the American side. On the right, in marked contrast, reposed the village of the Canadian "Soo," a few dilapidated looking houses and not a single factory. Our stay at the "Soo" was a short one, and after visiting points of interest we turned our launch and began our homeward journey. We made rapid progress and reached the mouth of Mississanga River on the evening of the third day. The weather had been perfect, a strong blow from the northwest cleared the air, giving it that invigorating quality that is peculiar to the great lakes; but suddenly the wind changed to the south, and next morning we found ourselves completely surrounded by smoke, which the wind was driving from the south, laden with cinders and ashes from some great fire

A Milk White Deer. Allagash River. Page 101.

The St. John's River. A Dangerous Run. Page 105.

The air was stifling; sometimes it was almost impossible to get a breath of fresh air. We were tied down to our anchorage, as the launch could not travel a hundred yards without running aground. For two days we remained in this position, but finally the wind veered, and we proceeded on again. The next stop was at the town of Little Current. Here the water rushes between Manitoulin Island and Goat Island caused by the wind; this current is sometimes very strong, giving the appearance of a river. It is said that the rise and fall of the Great Lakes is about six inches every twenty-four hours, but whether this is a positive fact I have not as yet been able to ascertain. We landed at Little Current, buying some eggs and an axe, one of ours having been lost on an island. We did not camp near the village, but stopped in a small inlet which we named Snug Harbor; a narrow entrance about twelve feet wide let us in from the lake. As we entered a flock of ducks dove, but rose again, and I had no difficulty in shooting a couple for supper. A dive from the launch next morning refreshed us, and after a hearty breakfast we headed for Byng Inlet. The wind favored us and Killarney was passed about noon, and we reached Byng Inlet by five

o'clock. This is nearly fifteen miles south of French River, where a small town is located. We expected next day to reach camp, and as it was nearly two weeks since we left our party in camp, we were anxious to see them again. The distance from Byng Inlet to Point aux Baril is about fifty miles; this we covered in five hours. The landmarks soon became familiar, and we took an inside course, winding in among the rocky islands, and before long the tents of our party were seen, and blowing a long whistle we drew up to the landing place.

Next day we broke camp and returned to Spectacle Island. Here my vacation ended, and bidding my friends "good-bye," I returned to Boston by way of Montreal and the Canadian Pacific R. R.

CHAPTER XVI.

It *is* Worth While.

HIDDEN far away among the spruce and northern pines of Maine there is a quiet and secluded spot, one of those beautiful green gardens of Eden, where peaceful Nature wrapped in deep repose unfolds itself in blissful ignorance of the desecrating hand of man. Long years ago the Maker of the universe designed and planted in this rural paradise a pond, whose sparkling waters reflect with ever changing motion the varying dreamy moods of Nature. The pathway reaching to this pond is not a straight and narrow way, but, turning at a rock or fallen tree, it winds and twists in mystic circles, caring not which way it leads. This is the road to camp, along whose wild and rugged way we will blaze a path through the vast, unbounded forest. The road begins like a gate to a tunnel, at the foot of a high mountain, and we follow its di-

rection, pushing aside the bushes before us as we enter the forest. A few steps and we tread on a carpet of thick growing moss, and the sweet smelling evergreens give us a welcome. Ever and anon from the branch of some tree comes the merry chatter of a squirrel, breaking the peaceful silence, then scampering down from its lofty perch, like the flash of a sunbeam it crosses the pathway before us, happy and free. As we bury ourselves deeper in the hidden mysteries of the woods, larger game appear; a fox or a rabbit runs silently over the leaves and stops in the path before us; then turning, it looks, and becoming frightened, disappears in the forest. Our road soon ceases to be a well beaten path, and we now encounter a wind fall, a mighty monarch of trees, which has thrown itself across our pathway, and we make a turn, only to loose the trail, but find it again in a thicket beyond. It is no easy task we have undertaken to reach this mountain pond, for our packs are heavy and the heat of climbing makes us call a halt. We quench our thirst in a diminutive brook which flows beside the pathway. Clear and sparkling this bubbling brook finds its winding course between the mossy banks and among sharp and jagged rocks which strive to check its onward course, but

fail, and swelling on with pride, this tiny stream becomes a mighty river ere it meets the sea.

A feeling of rest and peacefulness steals upon us as we catch the enchantment of the woods; with one intent we bend with listening ear to catch the strains of harmony from the trees, the music of the pines. "There is a pleasure in the pathless woods." The cares of the world are put aside; they cannot enter here, for all is rest and peacefulness. It is only foolish man who, in his greed for gain, rushes on in reckless haste and crushes all beneath his eager footsteps. Not so with Nature, for Nature cannot hurry; with her "one day is as a thousand years," and today will soon be gone and tomorrow here.

"Why should we waste on trifling cares this life which God's compassion spares?" Is it not far better that we stop and pause and sometimes take the longer way than exhaust ourselves by climbing every barren mountain top?

Our rest well earned, we now ascend the precipice before us; its steep and rugged sides seem almost inaccessible, but we scramble on and ask ourselves why Nature placed this bold obstruction in our pathway. An open spot is reached upon the mountain side, and as we leave the shadow of the forest the

glory of the Heavens bursts upon us. Above our heads the dazzling sun shines from a clear blue sky, brilliant with sunshine; here and there a white fleeced cloud flies scudding on before the wind. Far, far above us, as we gaze, we see an eagle soaring lazily round and round in graceful curves, when suddenly, like a flash, it falls to earth, and rising from a thicket, flies away with its vanquished prey. We pause awhile to gaze enraptured at the glorious panorama spreading out beneath us. The far-off mountains which were once so high look now the size of foothills. The winding rivers have become mere silver threads, which make their way with snake-like turnings through the verdant fields; an occasional pond or lake is dotted here and there, and surrounding all the near-by mountains rise beneath us like the billows of a sea.

Entering again the shadows of the forest we silently pursue our way and reach ere long a fallen hemlock tree, which, having rebelled against the raging tempests, has met its fate by lightning stroke. The great roots that have been its hope for ages are torn from their bed of earth and wave in anger at defeat. The road here takes a turn to reach the

Our Camp at Point Aux Baril. Big Georgian Bay. Page 111.

other side, and from the soft, dry earth a noisy partridge rises with a mighty roar, making our hearts jump, but only for a moment. The trail now leads to a level stretch of ground, and the colonnade of trees thins out and the spruce and pines gives way to thick growths of birch and alder trees. Kind Nature has decreed that from the white birch tree the Indian may strip its bark, and with his needle of bone and thread of hemp shape a light and buoyant craft, and travel over pond and stream. No exciting adventures befell us on our way to camp. Its charm lies in the freedom of the woods, fresh air, sweet fragrance from the balsam trees. Unconsciously we walk along and give ourselves to earnest thought and meditation; anon a rustle by the path engages our attention, and wondering what the noise may be, we find it is a puny, harmless toad. The shades of night were drawing near, when through the maze of trees ahead a break is seen, and hastening on we reach at last our mountain pond. As we approach in quiet expectation, a splash is heard. It is an animal feeding in the water. In eager haste we hold our guns prepared for battle, but find it is a timid, harmless deer, who, when he sees us, gives a "blow" and then—away it goes like a shadow in a dream. Throwing

our packs in a "dug out" on the beach, we push away and paddle out on the laughing waters, through the growth of pads and eel grass into deep water, past a small island to a miniature lagoon, where with a turn of the paddle we bring our frail boat to a fallen spruce amidst a growth of aged pines and hemlock trees. This is to be our camping place: a very fortress fenced in on one side by a thick jungle of windfalls; on the other by a ridge extending for a mile or more, thickly overgrown with ancient trees; behind us reaches the cedar swamp and in front stretches out the waters of the pond.

We select a dry spot carpeted with pine needles, and here we build a lean-to; the noise of our axe as it eats its way into the heart of the tree startles the echoes from the shore; then with a loud crash the tree falls. The guide strips off the sweet smelling fir boughs to thatch the roof and build a bed.

What care we for doors or windows? Let the winds blow and the cold night air descend upon us, for we fear not; one never catches cold when camping out. At sunset, as the dark shadows are stealing through the forest, we follow a deer path leading around the pond, a trail which has not known the light imprint of an Indian moccasin for many, many

moons. Ah! those were the days when this forest land was in its glory; now those days have passed and gone, and desolation reigns supreme. Once the roving Indian owned this vast estate, these countless miles of forest lands and mountain streams. If rocks and trees could speak, what interesting tales they'd tell, of noble game, of mighty storms, of Indian camps and Indian wars! These few remaining monarch pines that have escaped the logger's axe stand silent and serene, calmly awaiting their own uncertain end. The trail leads us to a dense thicket where we do not care to follow, and we retrace our steps to camp, where the smell of cooking viands tempts our appetites—that hunger of the woods, which does not care for knives or forks, the hunger of an outdoor life. Baked beans, broiled trout, hoe cake and coffee—a meal fit for a king!

Finishing our repast, we take a paddle on the placid surface of the pond. Not a sound save the drip of our paddle breaks the silence of the land and water. Occasionally a trout or salmon rises to the top, in eager haste to capture some poor, harmless fly, which being born at sunrise perishes by night. We rest our paddles and drift at will, listening, for we know not what; then from far away

comes the wild, weird cry of a loon, faint at first, it grows louder and louder, until, breaking out in a wild halloo, it dies away in a long drawn wail like the despairing cry from a departed spirit. Darkness has descended over land and water, the lofty tops of spruce and fir trees outline themselves against the darkening sky like the spires of a city. Here and there a star begins to faintly twinkle. To our right the planet Mars, that beautiful orb of night, grows brighter in the dim twilight, and we watch intently its brilliant changing colors. A ghost-like feeling creeps upon us as we silently drift along, not daring to move or speak, but listening to the faint night sounds that come from the forest. The great horned owl leaves his home in the cedar swamp and sits himself in a hemlock tree to serenade us, "tu-whit-tu-whoo." Near by on the shore we hear the splash of an animal coming to quench his thirst after the heat of the day. Splash, splash, drip, drip, as he moves through the water, then scenting danger the war note of a bull moose rings out on the still night air, "ugh, ugh, oo-oo-oo-ugh." We paddle nearer, but the moose scents danger, and with another "ugh, ugh," flees to the forest.

The full moon now rises slowly from behind the

dark tree tops; like a huge ball it hangs in the sky, and its mellow rays light up the water with a dim lustre. We gaze at the Queen of Night and think of our friends at home, so many, many miles away. The yellow rays from the moon shine silvery bright in a pathway across the pond, and as we watch the moving water a dark object appears; it is the head of a buck, with its spread of antlers, swimming from shore to shore.

The night air is cold and a fog rises off the water, but from the direction of our camp comes the cheerful welcome of a roaring fire, and we paddle back to shore. To sit by a camp-fire, smoking a pipe and listening to a guide tell stories of the camp and trail, is pleasure indeed. There is a feeling of safety around a camp-fire; the bright flame and showers of sparks that ascend like serpents from the snapping brands of wood is sufficient protection from any wild animals that might be prowling around the camp. At the most exciting part of the story a burning brand drops in the fire, making the cold shivers run down your back. The guide piles on more logs, and the great heat from the green, sappy wood sends the young blood coursing through your veins. But gazing into a fire soon makes one feel sleepy, a drowsy

feeling creeps upon us, and knocking the ashes from our pipes, we say "good night" and turn in at last on our bed of sweet smelling fir boughs to sleep. Peaceful sleep, born of a day of honest toil, soon claims our guide, and his loud snoring tells of dreams by pond and stream in the happy hunting ground with his long departed ancestors, but I could not sleep. My imagination was awake to every distant sound. I listened to the moaning of the wind in the trees above, then somewhere in the forest I heard a tree fall, and wondered what had caused it. A pattering of feet on the dry leaves near the lean-to aroused me to wakefulness, but too tired to investigate, I turned over and fell asleep as the great horned owl in the hemlock tree began his serenade, "to-whit-tu-whoo, tu-whit-tu-whoo."

This is the haven to which the trail has led us; this is our journey's end. Faint hearted and weary traveller, fear not, for the road to camp is always a safe and harmless one. Leave the care and toil of daily strife and stroll along the soft, moss-covered trail to camp, to that fair "Acadia"; and when we reach the land of which the poets sing, we'll pitch our camp beneath the waving hemlock trees and there receive that blessed peace that God has given to those who wish to find it.

It Was An Hour's Paddle Around Our Island. Page 111.

Bass Fishing on the Big Georgian Bay. Page 111.

CHAPTER XVII.

Some of the Wild Animals of Maine.

IT is said that the Maine woods is a sportsman's paradise for game, but in my opinion the largest part of the game that once roved this vast wilderness has been killed off or driven to wilder regions by the rapid advance of civilization.

The Caribou, which is the lordly monarch of the forest, is almost now extinct in Maine, and only in the wilds of New Brunswick and the big North West can this animal be found. But there are smaller game in good abundance, and in the hunting season one could hardly find a better field in which to test his prowess with the rifle.

The Caribou.

The caribou is found mostly in New Foundland. They are in appearance like a cow, with short legs and broad feet, which enable them to travel rapidly over the snow. They spend the winter in the shelter

of the thickly wooded sections, feeding on the black moss which hangs from the trees. Their thick fur turns white on the approach of winter, and they herd in large companies in the dense woods. Early in September the velvet on the horns rubs off; the stags are now in their prime, and the rutting season begins in October. During that time the stags fight fiercely and will not hesitate to rush upon hunters when they get sight of them. Their great antlers are formidable weapons. They use their feet also. Sometimes their horns become interlocked and both animals perish by starvation. The period of their migration begins with the early autumn frosts, when they start to graze southward. The Maine law on Caribou is closed until 1905.

The Moose.

The noblest game that one now finds in Maine is the moose, the largest of the deer family. He is a lover of the wooded country, and there he will be found during the hunting season. The moose is an ugly animal in appearance, owing to the great size of its nose; long, waiving ears, short neck, small eyes, narrow head, long legs and stumpy tail. Its great antlers differ from those of the deer family, being

broad and flat, emerging from the skull sideways, instead of upwards, as in the deer. The male has a short mane on the neck and shoulders, and a hairy pouch hanging from the throat. In the mating season the bull moose is a ferocious animal, and if driven to bay will not hesitate to attack an enemy with great ferocity.

Closed time on moose as amended by chapter 222, Public Laws of 1901, is as follows:

No person shall at any time hunt, catch, kill, destroy or have in possession any cow or calf moose. And the term "calf moose," as herein used, shall mean that these animals are calves until they are at least one year old and have at least two prongs to their horns. No person shall, between the first day of December and the fifteenth day of October, in any manner hunt, take, catch or kill or have in possession any bull moose or part thereof; and no person shall between October fifteenth and December first take, catch, kill or have in possession more than one bull moose or part thereof.

The Deer.

The real game of the Maine woods is the American deer, which can be found in great abundance

throughout the state. During the summer months they are very tame, approaching the settlements and feeding in the ponds and streams, but when fall comes and the hunting season opens they seem to be warned of their danger, and the sportsman must seek for them in the forests and on the mountains. The distinctive sign of the deer is the large, solid horns which they shed every year. These are peculiar to the male, with the exception of the reindeer, where both sexes have them. After the horns have been shed, a swelling appears, which grows rapidly in size, branching out in different directions. After the horns have obtained their full growth, a bone forms at their base, cutting off the blood supply. The covering of skin called "velvet" then dries and is rubbed off by the animal, what remains being really dead bone, which finally is shed and the process is repeated over again.

The deer feeds on leaves, twigs, bark, grasses and the weeds and lily pads of ponds and streams. Closed season for deer is between December fifteenth and October first next following; and between October first and December fifteenth next following no one can catch, kill, or have in his possession more than two deer. The September law, so called, was en-

tirely repealed by chapter 278, Public Laws, 1901, so that it is impossible to legally kill a deer for any purposes during that month.

Bears.

Ursus Americanus. Habitat, United States and Canada.

Bears are not often found in Maine, as they have nearly all been killed off by the inhabitants, but occasionally one will run across the species known as Black Bear (ursus Americanus). Its size seldom exceeds five feet. The beauty of the fur of the black bear, though shaggy, is more lustrous and finer than that of the bears of the Old World. The black bear eats almost anything—wild fruit, berries, roots, frogs, fish, turtles and animals of all sizes, from the field mouse to the caribou. It will not even refuse insects, and the honey of wild bees often gets old bruin into trouble. The bears crawl into holes in trees and caves in rocks when the winter comes. They are not ferocious except with young, and if left alone will seldom attack a man. It is lawful to shoot a bear at any time.

Wild Cats.

Felis Lynx. Habitat, North Temperate Zone.

The animal to be feared most of all in Maine is the wild cat. Fortunately there are not many to be found, but of all wild animals in Maine this is the most ferocious. It is much larger and stronger than the domestic variety; has a large, thick head, with big, staring black eyes, and a short tail. It is cruel and fierce, often killing for the mere love of blood. Small deer and the smaller animals provide the wild cat with food. In winter time, when driven by starvation, the wild cat will not hesitate to attack a man, sometimes springing upon him from the branch of a tree where it has been lying in wait. If you see a wild cat in Maine, shoot it, and you will not be arrested for breaking the law!

The Beaver.

Genus Castor. Habitat, North America.

One of the most intelligent of the lower animals is the beaver. There are two species, European and the other American. The former is preserved by force of law, and the latter is on the way to rapid extermination. The beaver is a practical engineer.

A Lake Trout from the Big Georgian Bay, Lake Huron. Page 114.

Its industry has made the name a proverb. This interesting little animal lives in the water, working day and night, existing partly on aquatic plants, but mostly upon the bark of trees. They build their houses upon some water-course that is surrounded by a forest. Here they get together in colonies, build their lodges and construct their dams and canals. The first lodges are built upon the banks of the stream, with an opening under water leading to the floor of the lodge. After the dams are built, more houses are made upon the islands that are left; these have two entrances for bringing in wood and bark for winter food. The lodges are made of mud and sticks and are circular in shape, some being as large as eight feet from side to side. The dams are made of sticks after the bark has been removed for winter food. Brush wood and stones are also brought into use. Their mud dams are sometimes solid enough to bear a man and horse. The beaver fells large trees with its teeth, cuts them up into suitable lengths and floats them down the river to their dams. Sometimes a lower dam is made to oppose the water pressure within by one from without. Pages could be written of the interesting performances of this interesting and most intelligent animal.

The Pocupine.

Genus Erethizon. Habitat, Maine and Canada.

The porcupine, or hedge-hog, is the camp scavanger. In all parts of Maine and Canada he is to be found, particularly around the deserted loggers' camp. The Maine hedge-hog is about two feet long, weighing twenty pounds or more, and covered with long spines, white with brown and black tips. These spines come readily out and have barbed points, which enable them to work their way into any animal, and they are exceedingly painful and difficult to remove. The common idea that a porcupine can throw its quills is erroneous. The porcupine lives on leaves, twigs, bark and beech-nuts. It will visit camp at night time, prowling around when all is still, seeking for scraps of food from the evening meal. They are a harmless animal, but mighty unpleasant to come in contact with inside one's camp, as I have done.

The Muskrat.

Genus Fiber. Habitat, United States and Canada.

Muskrats abound in every sluggish stream and muddy pond throughout Maine and Canada. They

are large in size, sometimes being over a foot in length, with tails ten inches long, used in swimming. Their fur is in good demand, being soft and fine, of a dark brown shade, but not of great value. At twilight, as one paddles along the calm surface of the water, he will see scores of muskrats swimming from shore to shore, parting the water before them with their head like the prow of a ship.

The Rabbit.

Genus Lepus. Habitat, widely distributed.

One of the most common of Maine rodents is the hare, or brown rabbit. The American rabbit is a true hare, the largest is commonly called "jack rabbit." It has a reddish-brown fur, with a white tail and very big ears. The smaller species is the common grey rabbit. There are besides these two sorts in the far North which turn white in winter. The rabbits are vegetable eaters, make their nest on the ground, though they sometimes use the abondoned burrows of other animals or hollow trees. Parts of the rabbit are very good eating, and they can be easily killed with a rifle.

The Mink.

Genus Mustela. Habitat, North America.

The mink is an American animal. They are great fish eaters, and their webbed toes with long hair enables them to catch the most agile fish. The mink is found along the many water courses of northern Maine and Canada. Their ears are small and their hair is long and glossy, of a rich brownish hue, varying to a dull yellow, and always with a black tail. Their fur is in great demand. All minks are capable of giving off an extremely unpleasant odor, worse than that of a pole cat. Closed time on mink is between the first day of May and the fifteenth day of October. The fine is $10 for each animal in violation of the law.

CHAPTER XVIII.

How to Build a Log Cabin.

THE pleasure of living in a log cabin that one has helped to build can only be appreciated and understood by those who are fortunate enough to own one. The knowledge of how to build and furnish a log cabin, difficult as it may seem to be, is not really a hard one to learn, and by studying carefully the following pages one can get the full instructions of how it can be done. If the subject is gone into in a dry, mechanical way, the writer begs to be forgiven, for in the building of log cabins one must be both technical and decidedly practical.

The well bred man of today does not care to go into the woods as a tramp and live in a cave or the hollow of a tree, for he knows that the real pleasures of life are being comfortable and to live well and happily, having enough for one's wants, with some traces of civilization around him.

Health should be the first aim of every man. It is

God's divine law; without it one is unfit for anything. True health is best obtained by having plenty of fresh air and absolute cleanliness.

Before beginning on the log cabin I shall describe, as briefly as possible, the building of what might be called temporary shelters—the "lean-to" and the "brush camp." A "brush camp" is one that can be made in almost a very few minutes by cutting more than half way through the trunk of a hemlock tree, about six feet from the ground, leaving the butt end fastened to the stump, with the top resting on the ground; then cut away the boughs from underneath and spread them from the sides of the tree (as a ridge pole) to the ground. Another "brush camp" can be made by placing a ridge pole between two trees, about ten feet apart, then place from the ridge pole to the ground large hemlock boughs, making them like the sides of a tent. Fine, smaller boughs may be laid on the ground, two feet thick, for a bed.

The Indian wigwam is quickly and easily built by standing three poles in the shape of a pyramid and tying them together at the top; then add other poles, filling up the wide spaces, with the exception of a space on the sheltered side for a door. Thatch the outside of the poles with evergreen boughs and brush.

Among The Islands Of The Big Georgian Bay. Page 115.

We Steered Through Countless Islands. Page 115.

Such a camp as this will stand a very heavy rain and the strongest gale.

The "lean-to" is a camp very popular with hunters and guides, and is usually made when there are a half dozen or more in the party. It is my favorite camp. Get two good, large crotched sticks for the front posts, and drive them securely into the ground. Lay a stout pole across the forks, and from the pole run smaller poles to the ground, securing them at the bottom by driving into the ground. Cover the top with fir, spruce or cedar boughs, using the finer ones for a bed. The sides of the camp should be filled in with boughs. A large log should be cut the right length and placed on the ground between the upright poles; one can also be placed at the back of the camp. The roof should be thatched with evergreen boughs or with large strips of spruce bark taken from the green trees (the process of stripping bark will be described later).

The Log Cabin.

The location of the camp is most important. Do not think of building on wet or marshy ground, but

select some dry, hard spot on an elevation of land, or on a hillside, and get near a good spring of fresh water. If this cannot be found, a rapid running brook will be just as good. At the Pine Point camp, described in Chapter XII, there was no spring or brook, and it was necessary to row out on the lake, sink a large bottle with a weight to the bottom and pull the cork out by a string. The water was found fairly cold, but rather brackish. If you are locating near a pond, find a good sheltered spot, as this will be most desirable in windy weather and more suitable for boats or canoes. A smooth, sandy beach will be very useful for a daily swim. All lovers of Nature will look for beautiful scenery, and if one can obtain a commanding position overlooking a succession of hills or distant mountains surrounding a pond or lake, it will add much to the value of your camp. It will be quite necessary to have plenty of straight timber near where you are to build, but if locating by a lake logs can be cut at a distance and floated in rafts to the desired spot.

Your camp should harmonize and blend with its surroundings, as an object built by man to beautify the works of God. If one wishes to consult an arcchitect, well and good, but a cabin made after

one's own ideas will give more pleasure in the end, and as for myself, I like to be my own architect. Having made your plans, stake out the size of your building, so that the trees may be cut down and the ground cleared at a sufficient distance to prevent any decayed trees from falling on the building.

Some Maine log cabins are rectangular in shape, and constructed with only one room, which is used for all purposes; a cook stove being on one side, with a table opposite, and along the side opposite the door bunks are built, two in a row, with an extra tier above of two bunks. Several chairs and stools complete the furnishings. This kind of a camp is easy of construction and needs little description, so I will pass over it and describe the cabin of larger dimentions.

Foundations of the Camp.

If posts are used for the four corner foundations pick out solid timber of about twelve inches in diameter, either hemlock, pine or cedar. The posts should be about five feet long, and placed in holes dug in the ground deep enough to reach solid ground or rock. If the building is rectangular, say twenty-

four feet by fifteen feet, the twenty-four feet side should have two posts between the corners, and the fifteen feet side one post. Cut the logs off square at the top and at the same height, so the first tier of logs will have a level foundation. If stone is to be used, dig holes three feet in depth and fill with small stones or broken rock to the level of the ground, then get cobble stones and place on top of the broken rock. Be careful that the top stones are high enough to take the first row of logs. If the ground is firm it will not be necessary to dig holes and use broken rock.

Selection of Logs.

Use pine, spruce or hemlock logs for your camp, and those best suited for the purpose are straight and uniform in shape and perfectly free from decay. The logs may vary from six to ten inches in diameter; if the tops are straight they can be used for joists and rafters. Some lumbermen build their camps with the bark on, and they are more pleasing in appearance, but if the bark is stripped off, the logs will last indefinitely, and rain or moisture will not be retained, and insects cannot prey upon them.

The bark will peal most readily in the springtime, when the sap is running, but spruce bark can be removed with an axe at most any time during the spring and summer months. The season of the year most adapted to building a cabin depends upon the locality. In the early winter months there is not the difficulty in hauling logs over the hard snow as will be found later, when the snow begins to melt. During the winter months the bark clings tightly to the trees, which keeps them in a better condition. If a chain is fastened to the end of a log which is to be drawn over the ground the bark will be completely torn off, so it is better to haul the logs on skids. Cut your logs at least two feet longer than the length or width of the building, and they can be trimmed down afterwards. When the logs have been hauled they should be examined carefully and sized up, using the largest and strongest for the sills or first tier. The upper sides of these should be flattened to a straight line. Use great care in fitting the sills to the end posts so that the flat surfaces of the logs will be level with each other. The other logs for the sides and ends of the camp must be flat on both the top and bottom. Take one log at a time and place it on the logs already in position. The lock-

joints, or corners, are made with an axe. Cut them deep enough for the flat surfaces to come together when in position. In making these joints the log on the underside is cut V shape, or left round, and the one placed on top in a reverse V, or hollow shape (Fig. 1). It may take a number of trials to get a perfect fitting joint. Log cabins in Switzerland are made with hewn square or rectangular logs notched at the corners (Fig. 2). As soon as the first tier is laid cut out the notches and continue laying the logs, alternating the butts and tops, giving the wall a uniform appearance. When you have reached the height of the windows and doors saw out the top logs of these spaces and lay the following tier, then finish the openings by cutting out the logs below the one already sawed out. This may be done by two men using a cross-cut saw.

The doors and window frames should be put in place and nailed tight, securing the loose ends of the logs (Fig.). The joists, or sleepers, can be hewn with a broad axe. They must be fastened into the bearing timbers and placed so they will have the shortest span. Those supporting the first floor may be left rough, but those in the ceiling should be peeled. The joists should be straight trees, about six

Taking Turns at the Hammer. Page 117.

Forging A Drill In Our Mining Camp. Page 117.

inches in diameter on a twelve feet span, and eight inches for a sixteen feet span. Flatten the top side for the flooring to rest on; make with a crown in the centre to allow for the other spans, which will sag with the weight of the floor. The joists should be spaced about three feet apart and framed into the side logs and pinned or spiked, to hold them fast and keep the building from spreading.

For openings in the floor for stairs, chimney or trap-door, a heavy cross piece must be secured by spikes to the joist on either side. I think it is always advisable to leave a little space between woodwork and chimneys on account of fires; never rest timbers on a chimney, as they are liable to become charred and catch fire.

Shingle Roofs.

The incline of a roof should be governed some by the nature of its covering. The steep roof has the best qualities, as it will shed water, and wind and snow will not blow under the shingles, but this is the most expensive roof, because the timbers required are longer and larger. All rafters must be flat, like a joist, and bevel at the top, to conform to the pitch

of the roof. Place a ridge pole between the rafters at the top. These rafters should be about three feet apart, nailed at the top and spiked at the bottom. For a shingle roof, the boards may be one by five inch strips. A roof may be made of cedar trees split into rails and overlapped, but they are far from air tight or rain proof, as the writer discovered in one of the Megantic Club camps. The rails or shingles should project over the gable ends as far as you wish. A shingle is about four inches wide and sixteen inches long. They are made of cedar or spruce, and are sold in any quantity. The first course of shingles is laid double, so as not to be broken off by ice or snow. At the peak a ridge board should be placed, to cover the top ends. A good shingle roof will last a number of years. The writer was at Camp Wild Wood, Lake Mooselookmeguntic, when it was being shingled, and when there about eight years after the roof was found to be in nearly as good a condition as when made.

Bark Roofs.

Bark can be peeled off a tree by cutting two circles completely around, from four to six feet apart, and connecting them by one vertical cut. Starting from

this cut, pry away on both sides with an axe, a little at a time, until the whole bark comes off. After the bark is peeled, lay on the ground to dry for a few days, after which it may be flattened out by placing heavy stones on it; then lay on the roof in strips, with an overlap of about six inches on each piece. Bark roofs do not last much longer than a couple of years, but a great many Maine camps have them, as they are very easy to construct.

Floors and Inside Partitions.

When the roof is complete, the subject of floors comes next. Spruce will be the best for this, of about one inch thickness, matched and planed smooth. Get good boards and clear from knots. Place the floors on both sides of the rafters, to make a good ceiling. If a good job is wanted for inside partitions have the boards planed smooth on both sides. A cleat of one inch square should be nailed to the ceiling and also to the floor boards at the bottom. The matched boards are then cut the right length and placed in position, driving them tightly together, without nailing. Place on the other side of the wall another cleat, and the partition is complete. If the boards are seasoned well they will not shrink.

Chimneys.

If the cabin is to have a chimney, make a good stone foundation, or one of brick, on the solid ground, and have it extend at least a couple of feet below the surface. The stones can be cemented with mortar, if desired. The chimney should be lined with cemented stones.

The writer examined the chimney in one of Ed. Grant's camps, at Beaver Pond, Me., and found it made entirely of peeled logs. This chimney is exceptionally large, but it is an exceedingly dangerous one. The fireplace opening should be about three feet high and four feet wide, with a deep throat. Build a ledge of stone above the opening, to use as a shelf. Have the smoke flues at least 12x12 in size. Fire brick is the best to build flues with, and at the top, on the roof, lay a large piece of tin, covering the shingles for about a foot around the chimney. The best draft can be obtained by extending the chimney a foot or two above the ridge pole of the building, but when the roof is steep and the chimney is at the eaves, its top may be below the ridge pole, if it is capped over with a T shaped funnel. If the chimney is to consist of a sheet-iron smokestack, let it extend

up through the roof without an elbow. You can build a good fire crane by using a stiff iron bar braced to an upright piece at right angles. The vertical bar should have pins to fit into sockets on the top and bottom of the upright, making a hinge. The sockets can be made into the fireplace by the mason. The swinging arm should have hooks on which to hang kettles.

Windows and Doors.

The doors and window frames are usually made of boards one inch thick, planed on one side only.

The window sills should pitch downward, and extending over the log beneath, so that rain will not run inside the building. The windows may be made in a variety of ways. They can slide sideways, up or down, or swing in or out. They can be bought at the factories, ready for shipment, and are packed so well there is little danger of breaking in transportation.

By all means use fly screens, and have them large enough to fill the openings, for you will wish you had never seen the Maine woods if a lot of black flies and mosquitoes get inside your camp. It is very de-

sirable to have swinging shutters, which should just fit the window frames. Make them of matched boards with cross pieces nailed to the inside, using large iron hinges. These shutters should be fastened tight when you leave your camp at the end of the season. Make your doors of matched boards with wide battens at the top, bottom and middle; nail or screw all together; use wrought iron hinges. The fastening may be made of wood, like an ordinary iron latch, and the bar should be about two inches wide, one inch thick and twelve inches long. Fasten the pivot end with a large nail or bolt. The guard should be strong, and the slot long enough for the bar to lock. The latch is lifted from the outside by a leather string, fastened to the end of the bar and passing through a hole in the door above the latch. Tie a knot on the outside of the string.

Caulking.

To get a storm-proof cabin the logs must be caulked on the outside and inside with oakum or moss, forced between the logs with a wooden wedge struck with a mallet.

Furnishings.

A window seat may be made by building a frame of sticks supported by brackets, the seat being made of small sticks, one inch in diameter, laid close together. They can be covered with as many cushions as one desires.

The question of bunks is quite important. I have slept on all kinds of beds when camping out, but the hardest one I ever saw was at Pine Point Camp, Mooselookmeguntic Lake. It was made entirely of small bean poles, arranged side by side, and whoever made it forgot to chop off the knots and bunches on the poles. We had no fir boughs handy, so we laid down on the bare poles. One night was enough for all of us. The best bed is made by laying fir boughs, eight or ten feet deep, on a frame of poles nailed close together, about a foot above the floor. These boughs should be placed with the under side up and the twig part facing towards the head of the bed.

A stool can be made by getting a log about a foot in diameter and sawing from the end of it a block about three inches thick. In this block bore three holes about two inches in diameter and drive in pegs, making the stool any desired height.

A table is made by driving four corner posts firmly in the ground and nailing cross pieces on top, covering them with any loose boards there may be lying around camp.

Make a small pantry by fastening a packing box on the wall, with a cover swung on leather hinges. Put in several shelves to suit the convenience. These shelves will be a good place for knives, forks, dishes, etc. One can use his own judgment in putting the finishing touches to a camp. Many things can be thought of and devised for one's comfort and pleasuse. Elegance and style are not necessary in the woods, and if one has a substantial, well-built camp, with some of the comforts of home, he should be able to spend many pleasant hours in the free and happy life of the woods.

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